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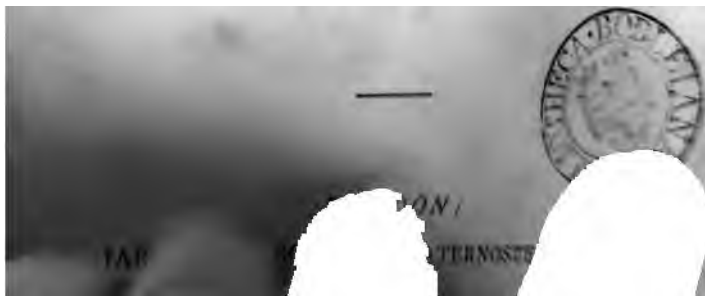
YEARS AGO:

A Tale of West Indian Domestic Life
of the Eighteenth Century.

BY

MRS. HENRY LYNCH,

*Author of "The Story of My Girlhood,"
"Rose and Her Mission," &c.*

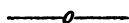




TO
ELLA, MRS. HERVEY,
DAUGHTER OF MY HONOURED FRIEND,
THE RIGHT REV.
THE LORD BISHOP OF JAMAICA,
IN SLIGHT TOKEN
OF THE PLEASURE I HAVE FELT IN
READING HER POEMS,
I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME.



Years Ago.



July 3rd, 1790. It is strange that my father, surrounded as he is by bushas, overseers, and book-keepers, should retain his love of study, especially that of polite and elegant literature.

I think, however, he is chiefly given to Natural History and Botany, of which latter he has taught me a little ; and my sisters already quiz me so much that I am ashamed, as Papa says, to call things by their right names.

Only last night, when I ventured to speak of our South Sea Rose as the Nerium, they said the discordant sound of such an appellation took away half the beauty of the flower. They did not agree with the old adage, that "A rose called by any other name smells just as sweet."

My father, too, has published one or two works, which have taken greatly with the English public. Some of the reviewers expressed their surprise that a West Indian wrote so well. I do not think this was very complimentary, as the fact of being born under a tropical sun does not generally deaden the senses ; and my father has a clear, quick mind,

and talents far above the generality of people, though I am his own child who say so, and, moreover, a young girl of fifteen.

We have all been educated at home. With such a father it would have been absurd to burden the house with a governess. My mother always said that nineteen out of twenty of them would have been seeking husbands, and have left us to go on with our lessons as best we might.

Besides, too, my father had plenty of leisure; and instead of feeling it a toil to instruct us, it was his great delight. Mamma saw that we prepared our lessons for him, and he encouraged us by rewards and sundry unexpected indulgences when we acted so as to please him.

Oh! those were happy times, and I love to look back on them now. But there is no occasion to speak in the past tense as far as regards myself, though my sisters have discontinued their lessons; Philippa being seventeen, and Lucille not far from twenty.

Yes, I am still my dear father's pupil. He always said, from the time I was a very little girl, that my disposition and temperament accorded more with his own than that of either of my sisters.

Though I am the youngest, I have for the last three years been dear Papa's amanuensis, a post I am very proud to fill. I have copied out one whole manuscript for him, and now I write to his dictation, very fluently and correctly, he says; and it is a great comfort to him, when he is wearied

with the turmoil and fatigue of the day, to lie back in his easy chair, and gently speak his words to me. His thoughts flow so placidly from him, that it seems scarcely any labour to him to dictate; and I have often seen his dear face flushed from bending over his desk to write, whilst the perspiration streamed from his temples.

I wished Papa very much to give me leave to write a book; for when I am copying out his sweet thoughts, the spirit of the author seems to take possession of me.

"Doss," he said to me yesterday morning, in answer to my somewhat impatient entreaty, "you are too young yet to write a book, but I will tell you what you shall do: you shall keep a Diary, and let it be a faithful transcript of your feelings and impressions. Do you think you can manage this, my child?"

"O yes!" I replied, jumping up and kissing him, in my joy, "this will be delightful! And may I not talk to my journal as much as I like, without any fear of being too forward? may I not tell it all my secrets, and when I am unhappy, may I not"—

"Grumble to it?" put in my father, laughing. "Yes, you may do all this," he continued, patting my upturned face, with one of the very sweetest of his smiles; "but, Dorothy," he added,—he always dropped my pet name when he was very much in earnest,—“Dorothy, the journal you are about to write must be a portrait of the river of

your thoughts. When you are in trial, the waters will be ruffled ; never pass hastily through the stormy hours. The review of sorrow will be profitable to you in after times ; albeit it may be much pleasanter to you to write of golden sunbeams resting lovingly and pleasantly on this river, yet trace the shadows too ; there is much beauty in them, which a rightly-directed mind will quickly comprehend. You need not confine your Diary to your own doings and proceedings ; it should, in fact, be a history of your daily life ; the simplest matters should be recorded.

“Talk to your journal in the same innocent childlike way that you talk to me. The very moment that you think of style or composition it is all over with your poor Diary, for then it will cease to be natural, and its chief charm will be lost.

“Do not write every day. Many diaries have been discontinued from the very circumstance of this determination. Go to your book occasionally, as to a friend to whom you unreservedly tell your pleasures and your cares. Never mind if you are silent even for weeks, your Journal will never chide you. But act as you like in this matter ; you are unconstrained and free.”

A long, long talk I had with Papa ; and then he took from his escritoire a beautiful manuscript book, bound in a chaste covering of brown morocco, with scarlet leaves and beautiful gilded clasps, and presenting it to me with a kiss, said with a great

deal of tenderness, "I dare say these clasps will imprison many a sweet thought from the storehouse of my darling's mind—thoughts new and old, and serious and gay, and God bless my child!"

Philippa met me going through the hall with my book, and she said it was beautiful, but that I was a silly Puss, for that no gentleman would ever make love to me, when he knew I was a blue stocking. I replied that I should be content for years to come with my father's love.

"Hugh Grenville will not be satisfied, if you are," she roguishly observed.

"How can you talk so?" I said, the color mounting to my very forehead from the suddenness of her remark. "You know mamma told you the other day it was very wrong of you to talk to one so young as I am of lovers and husbands."

"It is of no use being angry," Philippa exclaimed; "I heard my father say last night to mamma, that nothing would give him greater pleasure than some day to see Hugh your husband, and mamma replied in her provokingly quiet way, and in that peculiar tone which she uses only to papa, and to no one else, 'Well, my dear, if you played your cards well, you could easily accomplish that.' Papa did not seem pleased by this remark, and said something about his horror of all manœuvering."

And so Philippa tripped lightly away, humming a merry negro air, little dreaming of the pang she had left in my heart.

July 4th. I am rising a little earlier than is my wont, to hold a conversation with my beautiful morocco Diary book.

How kind of dear papa to give it to me, and then to be as much interested about my writings in it as if he were engaged in an important work of his own.

However, my sleep was much troubled last night. Philippa's remark rankled in my heart.

How could Papa say he should like to see Hugh my husband! He would not surely wish to lose me. Neither Philippa nor Lucille could copy his manuscripts as patiently and steadily as I do; I am sure he could not get on without his little amanuensis. Never, never!

Lucille and Philippa may leave him, but, as he said himself the other day, he could never get on without me.

Oh dear! a tear has fallen on my new book, and the dawn stealing in through the casement as I write, is tinting the other corner of the page with the softest, sweetest rose-hues imaginable. Aunt Ellen would say, if she saw this, that it was symbolical of the life-record I am about to give to these pages.

Day is advancing rapidly, though Venus still holds fast her pale gold light. The pea-dove has commenced its gentle moaning. Beautifully rising from the Eastern horizon are soft rose-coloured beams, fan-shaped, and reaching high up into the heavens.

Inexpressibly lovely is morning in these tropical lands.

The land breeze is still pouring down from the mountains, fresher and cooler than ever, for it has been flowing all through the night hours.

And now the kingly sun has risen above the flood of crimson in the east, crowned in amber and gold, and has changed the dull grey dew-drops into sparkling diamonds. The negroes have a saying that the spirit of the morning sets these gems on every bough and leaf to greet the rising sun. But they do not express it in this way. They say, "Hi, Missis, you no see how dem trees all dress for company ; they put on plenty of fine clothes, plenty of jewels, because Massa, the sun, come to make love to them."

"The angel of the morning
Has set gems on every bough ;
Clouds are blushing as he passes,
And the river trembles so:
As a maiden's is its deep joy
When her lover she perceives,
For the angel whispereth softly
Thro' the cedar's quivering leaves."

There is in this country a little brown bird, called "Hopping Dick," which is pouring forth a low, soft, mellow song, and day is wide awake.

I shall put aside my Journal now that the silence of the time is over.

Our women are busy in the hall, rubbing the mahogany floor, for mamma likes to see it highly

polished, and it takes a great deal of time to accomplish this, and plenty of labour.

I have been looking through my door, for all our bedrooms open into the hall, and eight of our house-cleaners are now on their knees, polishing away with considerable force, if not with great quickness, the glowing boards. They have already spent an hour or more in rubbing them over with orange juice; for not till they are thus thoroughly cleansed does the burnishing process commence. Instead of the scrubbing brush of English celebrity, they use the husk of the cocoa nut, which has just the same effect on the floor as the hard shoe brush has on the boots after the blacking is put on.

Breakfast is a pleasant meal with us. The light, softened by the venetians, falls tremulously on the floor, and though the land-breeze sometimes dies early away, shade is so carefully maintained around us, that we are not oppressed by the heat, which is rapidly gaining considerable strength.

We are obliged at this season to have three or four little boys, during breakfast-time, to stand round the table, continually waving orange boughs over it to keep off the flies. These children wear nothing but an Osnaburg frock, a neatly-made shirt of coarse German linen, reaching a little below their knees. My parents had a discussion yesterday on this matter, papa asserting that these boys ought to be habited in trowsers of the same material, and mamma declaring that such a fashion would be preposterous for them, and uncomfortable also, be-

sides much time being wasted in the making, mending, and washing of the extra articles of clothing.

This last argument seemed to have some weight with my father, for nothing more was said on the subject; and indeed I think their glassy black feet look brave as our polished leather shoes.

The ants too, are very busy this year. The feet of our sideboard, our breakfast-table, our sofa, are kept in large glass saucers filled with water, and every day this water is obliged to be carefully changed; if left longer, the ants make a bridge of the dust collected on its surface, and quickly spanning it, ascend, in well-regulated troops, the legs of the table.

I wonder if I am writing in too trivial a way for my Journal. Papa told me I was to make a picture of my thoughts and feelings; and only the other day, I was thinking what a happy family-party we were. Certainly, ladies in the West Indies have no money cares; not that they do not sympathize with their husbands in pecuniary difficulties, but they have no purchases to make concerning eating and drinking; they have no pestering cares, such as bow down the spirit of an English housekeeper, to buy good things, and yet keep within the bounds of, perhaps, very restricted means; and the doubloons, and the macaronies, the pistoles, and the five-penny pieces, are spent much in the same way, or perhaps with less care than a school-girl spends her pocket-money.

For with regard to clothing for herself and all

of us, papa gives my mother access to two or three of the principal stores in Kingston, and payment for the things received is not her part of the matter.

How can girls, brought up in this way, ever become what is called in England, good managers? How can they ever prove careful and economical English wives?

Then in addition to all this, persons in our position have a box twice a year from England, and it is a merry time when the box arrives. As long as I can remember, it has been a holiday with us.

Oh, such fun it is! such an unloading, such an arranging on the large table of Parisian bonnets and sweet little black lace cloaks, and short silk ones too, with tiny hoods. This year I am to have one or two ball dresses, the same as my sisters'; not but that as long as I can remember, I have had light pretty evening frocks, but now I am to wear a grown-up woman's dress with a train, and the body is to lace down the front. The sleeves are to be tight, reaching to the elbow, with real broad silvery lace frills. Hugh cannot think me a child, when I am thus habited; not that I care much what he thinks, only it is not pleasant to meet his peculiar look turned toward me whenever I join in the conversation with grown-up people.

I hope I shall manage my train well. Mamma says nothing shows more plainly real high breeding than carrying the long sea of muslin easily and gracefully. I am sure I ought to be well skilled in

this accomplishment, for our dancing mistress, a French lady, always finished her lessons by making me practice in mamma's train. She marched me round and round the hall, and made me sit down and rise up, till I could arrange it very fairly whilst so doing.

How light-hearted papa is in the morning! He always has a jest or merry word with his three girls. Mamma looks ill and care-worn. I think she is too troubled about many things, but how heedlessly I am writing. What do I know of the sorrows that oppress her! and yet if aunt Ellie were here, I am sure she would find some opportunity of saying to mamma, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

July 5th. I tried hard to ask papa yesterday if he had really said he should like Hugh to be my husband, but the words stuck in my throat. I could not bring myself to repeat such a thing.

Hugh Grenville is just fifteen years older than I am. When I was but four years of age I remember him well, a comely youth of nineteen, and he used to carry me on his back, and sometimes seat me on his shoulder, and give me dolls and toys. I was very fond of him then; and papa says I would leave him at any time to have a romp with Hugh.

In those days he used to call me his little wife, but since that time he has been many years in

England, and has only lately become possessed of his estate in this country through the death of his father, a man of polite and elegant manners, and of profound erudition. Hugh is so superior to any of us girls, that we can do nothing but fear him.

I never like to be in his company without papa, because then I am obliged to converse with him; and although he does not say so, I am sure he discovers my ignorance on many points.

It may be fancy, but I thought he looked almost scornfully at Lucille the other day, when she said she loved her needle better than study.

I am afraid I am very wrong in this matter. Mamma is always scolding me for not being more industrious.

I love my books, and I had rather be with papa, reading or writing for him, than doing the finest or most elegant needle-work.

Lucille makes some of the shells on our beach into very pretty pincushions. Even with the great conch shell, or as papa calls it, *Strombus Gigas*, she contrives to make something pretty; and the week before last, a lovely wreath she wrought for her hair out of those tiny pearl shells which are not very plentiful in this island, but abound in the Bermudas.

She set it round her dark hair the other day, and came to us in the piazza laughing, and my dear father said, kissing her, that it did not seem to him fair play, for that the ocean shells had no right to appear in the character of flowers, and that Lucille

was to blame, inasmuch as she had had a great hand in encouraging them in this deception.

He was playing with Lucille, but my mother did not quite view it in this light, and so she said, "If Dorothy had made that wreath, you would have found for it many a word of approbation; I am sure it would be greatly to her credit if she would employ her time more usefully than she now does. Only think what a senseless, useless wife that child will make through your tuition."

I saw in a moment that Lucille and papa understood each other. There was nothing discordant between them.

Lucille coloured for a moment, and then said to mamma, in an expostulating, yet very soft tone, "My dear mother!"

By the by, I heard Hugh telling papa this morning that the educated Jamaica women had the sweetest voices in the world, and he said, looking archly at Philippa as he spake, that if she would turn to Goldsmith's Geography, she would find them characterized there as the best wives and mothers in the world.

Phil says I am as blind as a bat, that he was looking at me all the time.

I wish Philippa would not joke so about his being in love with me. I am sure he must have overheard her the other evening, for he has been grave, nay, even scornful in his manner to me ever since, and I certainly am too old for this kind of badinage. My mother was married at sixteen.

July 30th. Lucille and I have been spending some days with papa in Spanish Town, to which place he has to go on business. Our mountain trip is later than usual this year. Mamma said it was enough to kill us to go to the lowland towns during these hot months, but Lucille was so careful and prudent, and she is such a charming house-keeper that even papa said it was a pleasant change to be within the sphere of her domestic arrangements. In her white muslin morning robe, with the airy cambric frills floating hazily about her, papa says she looks like the angel of peace presiding at our breakfast table. With her soft musical voice and pleasant quiet ways, she seems made to be loved. What a wife she would be for such a man as Hugh!

Roasted plantains, black crabs, of which my father is very fond; "Twice Laid," which is salt fish dressed very deliciously with egg and yam, and browned till it is crisp and of good flavour, all appear by magic on the table without a single angry word to the slaves, our attendants. How much more cheerfully they obey a smile than a peremptory order.

People say that the negroes are so lazy. I cannot think so. They are languid as we are, from the effects of warm climate, but that is all. Even papa, good, kind papa, who never says a harsh word to any one of us, changes his voice and manner when he addresses a slave. It vexes me so to hear him call them "lazy brutes," "idle dogs," &c.,

and almost in the same breath he will lavish words of tenderness on us. Aunt Ellie would say, "Doth a fountain send forth at the same time sweet water and bitter? These things ought not so to be." What is there in the black skin that seems to set every man's heart and hand against it?

We have a fine old house in Spanish Town; but the shadows resting on our burnished hall, do not fall from cedar or mahogany trees, from the sturdy mango, or the delicate and trembling tamarind, but from the dusty sunburnt wall of the opposite houses, and everything looks faded here! The old mirrors are so clouded that you see yourself reflected in them like a ghost. We surely need new furniture.

Everything speaks of by-gone days. Colomba, as she was cleaning the floor this morning, told me she was sure it was the dust that gave everything this old look, and truly, our large sofa became hoary enough when the sea breeze had covered it with the thick sandy dust with which the roads abound.

Papa says, that like a faded beauty, our town-house looks best by candle-light; and so it does, for the old Hall, which is sixty feet long, then flashes and sparkles in the light of three beautiful chandeliers.

The heat in town is oppressive. I wonder how the gentlemen can manage to go about as they do. Alas! many of the new comers are cut off by fever.

Last session, a Mr. Warren, a young barrister,

from England, died at our house, after three days' illness. Mamma had grown very fond of the young stranger. She says she is sadly afraid he had not many serious thoughts about God and eternity. When dying, he besought mamma to pray with him. She says for the life of her she could not have made an extempore prayer at the moment, and aunt Ellie was not in town, so my poor mother, through her tears, faltered out the Lord's Prayer. The dying man repeated with a smile, "Our Father," and these were the last sensible words that he spake, for he was soon in the ravings of delirium, and in the coma that succeeded this, he recognised no one around him, and so he died.

As for religion, I am afraid none of us think much about it. Hugh says, the religion of this island is at a low ebb, in fact, completely dried up. And then he added, in his serio-comic way, "Query, was there ever any here?"

"Oh, yes," I exclaimed, quite forgetting the rule of reserve I had laid down for myself with Hugh, "while one or two spirits are in the land like aunt Ellie, you must not indeed say that all piety has left us."

The moment I had made this remark, I became exceedingly abashed, and blushed not a little, at the excitement I had manifested.

Hugh looked mightily pleased, and putting his hand on my shoulder, a thing he has not done since I was a very little girl, said, "Well spoken, fair lady, God keep in your heart such thoughts as these."

I do not in the least care what Hugh thinks of me, but I cannot help treasuring this remark of his, just in the same way that papa prizes a particular kind of water lily, because the species is so rare in our island.

July 31st. Although I do not dislike Spanish Town, I must say it is refreshing to be in the country again.

Mamma says she has no patience with me for pretending to like such a place. "What is to be seen there," she says, "but musty penguin fences, withered cashaw trees, and fields of parched and dried guinea grass?"

But I discovered something more than all this. However dried the plains are, they stretch out to the everlasting mountains, and these are always beautiful. During our evening drives, as I looked on them in the soft and purple light, they seemed to raise my mind above all earthly care. Not that I have any cares worth speaking of—mine is, on the whole, a sunny life; but I must confess it is a trouble to me when friends misunderstand me, when Hugh thinks I am conceited and forward, for I cannot help fancying he has formed some such opinion of me, and when aunt Ellie persists in joking me about him.

The glowing sunlight and the deep shadow sport together in the nooks and crevices of these mountains. There is no discord among them; they fulfil their Creator's mission of giving light and shadow to the world. Aunt Ellie says the time will

assuredly come, when we shall be all of one spirit. Mamma will not then be unhappy because she thinks I am papa's favourite child, and I shall no longer have that yearning, restless feeling in my heart, which oftentimes makes me sorrowful against my will.

Spanish Town was founded about the year 1520, by Diego, the son of Columbus, and contained, prior to the conquest of the island by the English, two thousand houses, two chapels, and an abbey; but the cathedral church is a fine old building, and papa told me this morning that the bells were still in use which Diego made from the copper of the island.

The town is built on the gentle and almost imperceptible ascent, from the beautiful river Cobre.

All along the south runs in the distance a range of lovely mountains, and though the plain extending to them is covered by the monotonous cashaw, though Nature is during the hot season weary and thirsty, yet these mountains stand half veiled in haze, like a dream of beauty.

Lucille and Philippa are always very much delighted when they go up, to the Sessions in November. The King's House is a noble place for dancing. I do not wonder my sisters like the treat of session gaiety. Philippa says it is dull work all the rest of the year at our country estate, but then she does not care for our summer excursion to the mountains as I do; and what with army and navy men, and those belonging to the

Governor's suite, who really are the *elite* of this little Island, she has plenty of partners for the evening ball.

They say, in England, at large parties, the number of women greatly preponderates over that of the men. The case is quite different here. Mamma has trouble enough when she gives a ball, to get a tolerable number of young ladies, but the gentlemen are wild to come.

She says, from the last grand party she gave, three matches were made, and very desirable ones too, and she looks very knowingly at Lucille when she alludes to this. "Though I say it who should not," she remarked the other day, "my girls may hold up their heads in society;" and then in an emphatic way she continued emphasising the nouns, good education; good position, and good blood; she was very proud of my father's name, for he had lineally descended from the Fairfax of Cromwell's time; "only don't throw yourselves away, my children," she continued; "keep clear of younger sons or subalterns in army or office. Phil knows her power for conquest," my mother exclaimed, looking down on the bright face upturned to hers, "but Lucille is so reserved, no one can reach her."

August 2nd. To-day at breakfast papa spoke very openly before us all of an offer of marriage that Philippa had received from one Captain Stanley.

From what I could draw from my parents' conversation, papa was very much opposed to the

whole affair, and spoke with an unusual degree of warmth to my mother concerning it, so I suppose she must have been looking favorably on the Captain. He said, "The man is a spendthrift and a drunkard, and I had rather see little Phil dead at my feet, than that she should be his wife."

Mamma was silenced in a moment, but seemed much agitated; but as for Philippa, she smiled through it all, and from her free girlish heart poured that soft rippling laughter, which like the notes of our mountain birds is heard only at the sunrise, the dawn of girlhood.

I am not surprised papa is proud of her, for she is a pretty sylph-like creature, full of gentle and innocent mirth.

She is the most fragile of us all; and papa declares that my mother does not know what she is about with Phillie. "She must," he says, "marry a man of high principle, with a refined and delicate mind, and means to administer to her comfort.

"I do not like the idea of marrying off my daughters. I had rather keep them about me. Hang the nonsense that fears to be called an old maid!" These were his very words. "Are there not more true and estimable and devoted characters among the single than the married? do they not keep the peace and quietude of girlhood about them long after the freshness of their youth has passed away? and if you want delicate attention, kind care, and affectionate sympathy, all I say is, look to an old maid for it, and you will not be disappointed."

I knew very well that all this time he was thinking of his sister, dear Aunt Ellie, for he is as tender and gentle to her now, as when they were boy and girl, many years ago.

It is true he laughs at her, and calls her methodist, and says she has a *pietamania*, but he does not love her the less for all this bantering. Truly she is a woman given to love and good works.

I think Lucille is her favorite amongst us. She is graver and more thoughtful than we are, but this makes her smile more beautiful when it does come, beaming as English sunlight rays beam through light fleecy clouds in early October.

I am longing for the November Sessions. Mamma asserts that she will have nothing whatever to do with me, beyond seeing that my dress is rightly adjusted; that papa must launch me into our gay world. I am sure, wherever I may go, I shall be happy, if I can only occasionally catch a glimpse of his dear face.

Phil is a pretty creature, with hair like soft light silk, and cheeks transparently clear, without a tinge of color in them, unless, indeed, she is excited, and then the softest pink hue, like the maiden's blush rose, overspreads them, and her blue eyes sparkle, and her merry laugh is like the flow of pleasant waters.

I do not believe any one could speak harshly, or even very seriously to Philippa. What a nest she has lived in, lined with soft loving words and gentle smiles.

Papa says some flowers thrive best in cloud, and even storm, but that Phil must have sunshine and dews for her life-growth.

And sometimes when he talks thus, if aunt Ellie is near him, she remonstrates with him, and shakes her head, and looks very wise, and says, "We know nothing at all about what is requisite for her; we must leave her to the Good Shepherd, and if He only put her before him on the way, all will be well, sunshine, cloud, or storm!"

Whenever aunt Ellie alludes to her Lord and Saviour, such a heavenly expression passes over her countenance, such humility and reverence soften her voice, that papa never laughs at what she says, though he calls her prosy and moping.

The very worst thing mamma says of her is that she never got married herself, and would make old maids of all of us if she could have her own way.

August 23rd. How fast time flies! I have not written in my diary for some days. Aunt Ellie is with us, and she loves me to work at my needle. Though I do not much like needle-work, I must say the employment is greatly sweetened by the way in which we do it.

All this week papa has been reading Waller's Poems to us while we worked, and even mamma has joined us, though she is not over-fond of poetry, giving up her afternoon sleep for this purpose. My mother's family is distantly related to Waller; this binds her to him; and then he was an intimate friend of Cromwell's, which mamma

says is enough of itself to make my father think him a very fine fellow. Without joking, he has much poetic thought and a smoothness of versification that is very captivating. Although his panegyric on Cromwell is too fulsome in its flattery, there is much beauty of thought contained therein.

He was, papa says, inconstant in his principles, and paid too much court to Charles the Second. Sometimes my father and aunt Ellie have political discussions. I do not care for these, but I know the hours fly very quickly by during our afternoon readings.

I am always glad when Hugh is not there, because I cannot ask a question before him, and yet I do not wish him away, for it gives pleasure to papa when he joins us, and when aunt Ellie is with us I am not so afraid of him.

She certainly has a knack of making people feel happy together, and is a pleasant, loving creature, although fairly an old maid.

August 26th. I have been spending a day or two with aunt Ellie at Tamarind Grove. She generally takes one of us home with her. She lives with grandmamma at a very pleasant pen, some little distance from us, standing just where the land begins to ascend towards the mountains, and on this slope are lovely pimento trees, loading the air with fragrance, which the land breeze in the evening carries far out on the waters.

Just now all the white flowers of this tree are in full bloom, and the berries advance so rapidly, that

it will soon be time to gather them. I am so sorry to hear papa say that they are all to be cut down shortly, in order that he may plant the land in sugar canes.

When I remonstrated with him, he told me, with a kiss, that he must think of something more than the picturesque appearance of his estate, that the pimento brought little profit to the owner.

It is papa's property, though grandmamma lives on it; and, poor dear, she is quite blind, and never goes beyond the tamarind avenue leading to the doors of her own dwelling. Although blind, she feels the glare dreadfully, and aunt Ellie takes care to have plenty of shade in their pleasant rooms—such fragrant shade, that it is far more grateful than sunshine, even to us with our strong sight.

The wax plant, the Indian creeper, and other clinging flowers, running along a light trellis-work, and climbing up the pillars of the open piazza, form a beautiful screen from the glare, and send a trembling shadow on the iron-wood floor of the piazza.

I do not visit grandmamma as often as my sisters do, for papa needs me much at home, being his secretary. Philippa says I make much more ado about this than is at all necessary—that they can do very well without me.

Grandmamma, when she was a girl, played admirably on the organ; she used to practise at the old church in Kingston. Papa, in concert with Hugh, has given her a small organ of very sweet

and plaintive breathings. It was a great expense to bring it out from London, but Hugh shared all with papa, for it was their joint gift to grandmamma.

Hugh is so fond of all our family, I think he would give his estate to us if he could ; but then he has no other intimate friends, for he is an only child and an orphan. Grandmamma says we must wait till the lady of his love makes her appearance, and then we shall not come so well off for attention.

It is something heavenly to sit and hear her strains of sacred music as night falls gently on the land. Aunt Ellie says it is like conversing with the angels, and it really seems as if the angel of the night were whispering to us, as those sweet and mellow tones sigh themselves out into the moonlit air.

I found Hugh at grandmamma's. He remained to dinner with us.

After he was gone, aunt Ellie was loud in his praise ; and grandmamma observed that he was one in a thousand, and that the other young men of our acquaintance were not fit to hold a candle to him ; and then aunt Ellie interrupted her, saying, "Don't you let him slip out of your hands, Doss." Nor was this all, for after remaining silent for a moment, she added, "You must not let Lucille win the prize."

Aunt Ellie I knew was only joking, and yet I got into a great passion, and said she had no right whatever to talk about me in that way in connexion

with Hugh, and that Lucille, the eldest of us all, was more fitted for a man of his age than I was—a mere child.

Grandmamma fired up at this remark, and said I had no business to talk to my aunt in this uppish style; that Hugh would be a fool to think of a little chit like me, who had no control over herself in any way.

Aunt Ellie, one of the sweetest and gentlest of human beings, seemed very much surprised at the state of excitement into which I had put myself; but she said very calmly, "I beg your pardon, dear Dorothy, I had no idea I should pain you by the remark I made."

Bursting into tears, I put my arms round my aunt's neck, and begged her to forgive my impetuosity.

Memorandum.—Henceforward never to be decomposed at any badinage of this kind.

August 30th. After all, I do not think we shall go to the mountains this year.

The news from England is stirring and important. It is now more than a year since the great revolution in France took place. The whole population of Paris rose, and with a mighty strength forced the prison of the Bastille, where numbers of the state prisoners had been condemned to spend the rest of their days.

One poor old gentleman had been there for years. What a melancholy sight he was in the midst of that rejoicing crowd!

With his long white hair, and his beard resting on his chest, he seemed in that silence and solitude to have passed beyond the love, and hate, and care of this world. He had almost forgotten how to speak; but Papa thinks his mind was weakened by the long confinement, and that this was the cause of his incapacity to hold any connected conversation.

Shortly after, the palace at Versailles was attacked by the enraged mob, and Louis the Sixteenth and his Queen were made prisoners.

Under strong military guard in the palace of the Tuileries, the king was forced to accept unconditionally the terms of the new constitution, and he was made to restore Monsieur Neckar to his post as Comptroller-General of the Royal Treasury.

I remember all these things very minutely, though they happened last year, for they were our home talk, and company talk, and the whole white population of our Island was in a state of turmoil about this revolution. They seemed very much afraid of the negroes comprehending in any way these insurrectionary feelings, lest it should incite them to rebellion; and certainly there is something very alarming in being in the midst of a wild people, who, if they were to act with energy, and skill, and courage, could soon make themselves masters of the whole Island.

If I had been keeping a journal last year, how much I should have had to put down; though even

now I am half afraid of committing to my Diary the thoughts I have on the subject.

That the Bastile is destroyed, I shall ever rejoice, for the severest masters in this Island never punish their slaves with perpetual imprisonment.

And then these state prisoners were men accustomed to all the luxury and refinement of princely houses, while our African slaves are generally only taken from one state of bondage to another ; and when they are docile and industrious, have their home and their garden, and need not to be so very unhappy.

Mr. Wilberforce has renewed his motion for the abolition of the slave trade.

Aunt Ellie said it would be a very good thing if such an Act were passed, for that she cannot think it right to go down to the slave-ships as they come in from the African coast, and buy the poor creatures as they buy cattle.

The papers are filled from one end to the other with French matters.

It seems that the people are very much dissatisfied with their king. They accuse him of violating the treaty he had made with them.

Poor Louis, weary of his dangerous and troublesome life at the French Court, set off with his family in disguise. They had managed to get as far as the frontiers of the kingdom, when they were discovered and brought back as state prisoners to the palace of the Tuileries, where they are at

present, watched day and night by a strong body of the National Guard.

Papa says, "Where will these things end?" I sincerely wish the French king had escaped.

Hugh thinks there must be a good deal of moderation in the National Assembly, for it would not yield to the desire of the democratic party, that the king should be immediately deposed; and though he is virtually a prisoner, he is treated with every external mark of respect and deference.

These troublous times are enough to make every young maiden become a politician. Hugh is of opinion that if the revolutionary mob can be kept from tumult and cruelty, affairs will yet prosper in France; that he recognizes in all this tumult the dawn of an era of freedom and social happiness. And yet Hugh is a slave-owner!

I cannot help laughing when Papa says to him, "Softly, man, softly;" for Hugh gets very excited on political matters.

I asked him why every one was in such a state of anxiety concerning the news from Paris; and he replied, "Because the colonists think there is danger to themselves from the spread of the republican principles. At this very time," he continued, "there are in England tracts being published, speaking of our slave-traffic as a disgrace to the English government; though I must say, that in the main I hold with Wilberforce, it is an iniquitous and disgraceful thing to buy and sell your fellow-man."

What a bright, happy look Hugh has when he is interested about anything!

I cannot fancy he is thirty-two years old. He is with us all as a companion and brother, and lately I do not think he has been so supercilious in his manner to me.

After all, I believe if he knew he pained me by his haughty ways, he would scrupulously abstain from them, for he would not willingly wound the feelings of any one.

I wonder if he is in love with Lucille. She is so reserved, she would never tell us, if there was anything between them.

September 25th. I am sure this ought to be called a Note-book rather than a Diary; which being derived from the Latin word *dies*, a day, signifies a record of the passing days; and sometimes I do not converse with my brightly-clasped book for weeks. But papa charged me only to write when the fancy took me to do so; and I have had nothing interesting, and I thank God, nothing sorrowful to record. I will remember papa's injunction, and trace the river, even when the tide of sadness rises high.

Much occurs that I cannot record. There are feelings that cannot be expressed by words; cloudy hours with which the pen has nothing to do; and quiet times of home contentment and enjoyment, which, like the air we breathe, although healthful and invigorating, can never be portrayed!

Yesterday I went with papa to see the works on

Hugh's sugar estate, "The Glebe." They have been amended and considerably improved. The water mill looked so clean, and new, and neat; and standing near it were two large cattle mills, and a wind mill.

The boiling house is forty-five feet long, and twenty-two feet wide, in which were two bright shining copper clarifiers, capable of holding each two hundred and fifty gallons. This building was all quite new, and had cost Hugh more than a thousand pounds.

The curing house joined this, and was just large enough to contain one half of the crop. The floor was not boarded, but made of strong joists of solid timbers; and underneath this was a kind of wooden platform, leading to a molasses cistern, lined with terras, which contained about six thousand gallons. The molasses, which are a refuse from the sugar boiling, are a sort of coarse treacle.

The distilling house was a good size, full of vats and cisterns for dunder and skimmings. There was a large stone tank in it, and two or three copper pumps stood at the entrance.

The rum store is under the same roof. The works are quite like a tiny manufacturing village.

The overseer's house is repaired and neatly painted, but the trash houses being close to it, take a little from its picturesque appearance, for they look very much like barns. Their sides are open, and their roofs are supported by stone pillars.

Not far beyond stands a large hospital for the sick negroes; and joining this is a sort of prison, a large dark room, for confining disorderly negroes.

Oh! it looked so dismal, with its barred windows; but papa says it is a palace compared to Newgate.

The doctor's shop, and two or three store-rooms for the plantation-utensils and provisions, stood very near.

In the clothing stores were piles and piles of Osnaburg linen, many rolls of blue baize, and a vast quantity of striped linen for petticoats for the women. Then there were pieces of colored check for shirts; and hundreds, I could almost say thousands, of handkerchiefs of varying hues for turbans.

Hugh tells me he is obliged to have an abundance of these, and indeed it is necessary, for the moment a negro has an ailment of any sort—if his foot or arm be in pain, he immediately wraps his head in one of these kerchiefs.

Sometimes they will put two or three on. The other morning, our old nurse Sukey came with three on her head, each rising a little above the other, till the pyramid was complete. Papa laughed till the good old soul got into a great passion. She had a swollen knee, and this was the cause of her head-wrapping! A variety of straw hats crowned all these bales of goods.

In another store, there seemed to be a strange kind of medley—a mingling of a cooper's and blacksmith's shop.

There were nails, and cattle-chains, and hoes, and bills, and hoops, and hogsheads; lamp-oil, and large copper ladles and skimmers for the boilers; a quantity of small iron pots for the negroes, and several large grindstones.

The provision store was full of good things which Hugh said came chiefly from Bristol and Ireland. Barrels of herrings, and salted cod; pickled tongues, and smoke-dried hams; salted beef and pork; boxes of soap; hard wax candles, for the common candles that we call "dips" in England would melt *en masse*. Oil lamps are in general use among the negroes.

Then there were hogsheads of salt, and barrels of flour and peas, and large jars of groats.

Several white officials live with the overseer, and receive regular salaries. Distiller, carpenter, and four or five clerks.

Besides all these stores which I have mentioned, the carpenter, cooper, wheelwright, and smith, had shops; and beyond all were sheds for waggons, and wains, and carts.

Though spending almost all my life on a sugar estate, and passing almost daily within a short distance of our own "Works," I never have had such a sight as I had yesterday, of the machinery and supplies necessary for a sugar property. Simply, I suppose, from the very circumstance of living under the shadow of all this, just as there are many London folks who have never seen St. Paul's.

But looking at Hugh's property in this way had something so novel in it, that it seemed like a pleasant excursion ; and he takes such a delight in its management, that we cannot help feeling interested too. Would any one believe that the alteration and improvements he had made at the works had cost him nearly four thousand pounds !

Our ride home was through the negro grounds, and a charming ride it was.

The beautiful twilight was breathing out its short life on the plains, and the distant sea still kept its memory of the sunlight in sundry rosy and purple shades, which were lying lazily on the waters.

Some of the cottages are simple enough, containing only two rooms, with thatched roofs and wattled sides, which consist of a light platting together of sticks, and this plastered over is a pretty good defence against wind and storm and rain. The earthen floor is battened down till it is as hard as iron. A wooden bedstead, a rough table, and two or three stools, comprise the furniture of one of these huts. All their cooking is carried on in the open air ; but each negro has his pan for boiling, his clasp-knife, his clay jars, &c., besides wooden bowls.

Hugh says they are far better than many of the Irish cabins which he has seen ; and then these rough houses are only for the newly-arrived African negroes ; they soon become more civilized, and learn how to satisfy their increasing requirements.

The cottages were so prettily scattered about among orange and citron trees, and pleasant fruit trees, the banana, the avacado pear, the mango, and the neesberry, that the effect as a whole was very picturesque.

It was near seven o'clock in the evening as we passed through the little village, and most of the field labourers were at home. It is the time of the cane planting, and their work is over very soon after sunset at this season.

It is not thus, however, at crop-time, for then they have to work all night in the mill, and in the boiling-house.

They do not labor incessantly, for they are divided into watches, and relieve each other, as sailors do at sea.

Strange to say, they always seem merry and well at this time of extra exertion, and are allowed to drink as much cane-liquor and syrup as they can, and to suck as many canes as they like; and all this, people say, is very nourishing and strengthening.

Papa, just as Hugh does, gives the negroes land round their cottages; but it remains theirs only as long as they keep it in good cultivation, and attend diligently to their work. Most of them make something of the land thus allotted to them; and from the sale of their poultry, and vegetables, and fruits, they contrive to buy fine clothes for holidays, and plenty of salt pork, which they dearly love. Under these circumstances, they feel there is a

blending of interests between them and their master.

They are allowed one day in a fortnight for the cultivation of their grounds, and carrying their provisions to market, besides Sundays and holidays ; and Nature is so bountiful, that very little labor suffices for the growth of corn and vegetables.

Sunday is their grand market day, and a pretty sight it is, people pouring down from the mountains, and going to Old Harbour, and other shipping places near, where they always dispose profitably of their fruits and vegetables.

But these are not the only things they sell. They make mats for beds out of their useful palm tree, and ropes out of its bark of a strong and durable texture.

They also make wicker chairs and baskets, and neatly constructed earthen jars and pans, for which they find a ready sale.

Aunt Ellie looks grave when I talk of all this as being a pretty sight ; she says, she grants it would be on any other day, but that if I only knew how peacefully the Sabbath was kept in England, if I could only realize how God loved those who kept His commandments, and how He promises to hold us fast in His love as long as we seek to do what is pleasing in His sight, I should never see anything to admire in this profanation of His holy day, in this insult to the Almighty. "Hallow my Sabbaths, that they may be a sign betwixt me and ye, saith the Lord !"

But aunt Ellie is the only person I ever hear lift up her voice against this practice of making Sunday the general market day, a practice which by common consent has long been established all over the Island.

Why, papa says, in Kingston he has seen as many as ten thousand negroes in the market-place on Sunday morning, where they not only sell their things, but often barter them for salted meat, or clothes and ornaments.

The scene itself is a cheerful one. Such chattering and talking, such merry greetings, such simple flirtations; but in the depths of my heart, I cannot help agreeing with what I heard Hugh saying to aunt Ellie the other day, that it would be better to let all this take place on Saturday. "I am willing enough," he said, "to give them that day, and I only wish all the other planters in the Island would agree with me."

O journal, journal! I have been gossiping sadly, and have run away from my story of Hugh's estate. But I must continue it to-morrow. The dinner-bell is ringing, and papa, who is very punctual himself, will scold his little daughter, if she do not make her appearance a few moments before dinner in the drawing room!

September 26th. The evening is coming in so pleasantly. The land-breeze, just awake, is rippling on the soft blue waters of the Carribean Sea, and it is all the more welcome to us from the morning having been so burning and glary.

The hall is full of the scent of the sweet orange blossom. The *Datura* has just opened its pearly trumpet flowers, and is hanging them daintily out to greet the rising moon.

After we had passed through Hugh's negro grounds yesterday, we went up with him to the Great House of the estate, which is his home.

The furniture is good, but it all looked old enough to have belonged to Columbus.

On the wall, just over the settee, was a large oil-painting, representing this great man and his two sons, Diego and Ferdinand. It was a fine old Spanish hall in which they were sitting; the table was covered with a quilt of crimson and gold, and charts and globes were thereon.

The other picture represented the earthquake at Port Royal; and though by no means a masterly painting, the expression of horror on the countenances of the inhabitants, and the rising up of the sea were well done.

There is such a want about the house. I suppose it is the want of mother, sister, or wife. I could not bear to leave Hugh there, for indeed his natural and proper place seems at our dinner table; but he had business to do on his property, and could not leave home last night.

He is very careful of his negroes, and very attentive to them; and I believe, if they were in any real trouble, they had rather consult him than anyone else.

Grandmamma is certainly right, there are not many like Hugh in Jamaica.

October 1st. The Sessions commence on the twentieth of this month. Oh, what fun it will be!

Hugh asked me rather sarcastically this morning if I did not intend to make some conquests.

"I don't know," I replied innocently, "Philippa has, and I suppose I shall."

"O Hugh," my father exclaimed, laughing, and yet with something of reproach in his tone, "it is of no use to talk to my girls in that way; they are not like your English school girls, ready for mischief, and up to any nonsense; besides, from infancy, I may say, they have always been in a certain sort of society; they have never been kept prisoners in the nursery; and at our country home, from the time they have been very little girls, have sat at our dinner table, guests or no guests.

"When Doss joins in the festivities of Spanish Town, she will not be out of her element; you will not see that sheepishness about her which is so observable in English girls, when they are turned from the schoolroom into the whirl of London life."

I thought papa was saying rather too much for me, as I suspected it was very possible I might feel a little put out when I first commenced a style of gaiety more public than any to which I had hitherto been accustomed; though, after all, our largest balls are more like a gathering of friends than anything else, and they retain that character even when the room is crowded.

Hugh did not seem at all disposed to interrupt papa, but appeared very pleased at the turn the conversation had taken.

"I am sorry to see," continued my father, "that a custom is creeping in among us of sending the daughters of our Island to England for education. We have, to a considerable extent, the means of mental culture among us, and I query if my girls are not equal to those who have been brought up at an establishment under the shadow of Grosvenor Square.

"How many talented and highly accomplished persons are at present seeking refuge in this country from the unsettled and dangerous state of things in St. Domingo; for indeed the political unrest of matters in France has seriously affected that Island.

"Yes," put in Hugh thoughtfully, "the spray of these troubled revolutionary waters has reached our far-off shores."

"Madame de la Tessiere," continued my father, quietly taking up again the thread of his discourse, "has fled from St. Domingo. Her two infant children are with her; her husband is at present in Paris, engaged in some official government duties. In fact, I am pretty sure, from what the poor lady said, that he has been arrested on suspicion of favouring the revolutionary party; so Madame comes twice a week from Kingston to give lessons on the harp to my girls."

"Is that the story of the graceful-looking harp

teacher I have sometimes met here?" exclaimed Hugh, full of interest at my father's recital

Then I spoke, for the first time since Hugh's remark about my anticipated conquests, and said, I felt very much for Madame de la Tessiere, for that it appeared to me she had not strength to carry on her teaching with any degree of comfort to herself in this hot climate. "I trust your mother for making things comfortable for her," said my father; "when Madame is exhausted, she always finds a bed at our house."

Somehow or other, Hugh fell back again into his bantering mood, and asserted that he knew very well I meant to try my skill at flirtation; that there never had been, and never would be a girl innocent of this accomplishment; she might neglect music or drawing, he said, but she would find time for practising this.

He declared that the flush of anticipated triumph was already on my cheeks, and he looked at me so steadfastly and knowingly as he said this, that I soon felt a hot blush burning on them.

With the exception of this little bit of playfulness, Hugh is graver than ever with me. I am sure I have offended him in some way or other, but I cannot tell how.

He seems more at his ease with Lucille and Philippa than with me.

I accidentally heard Papa telling him a day or two ago that I was the beauty of the family, and

Hugh made answer, "I am sure she is not; Lucille is the queen among your daughters."

"Neither Louey nor Phil," replied my father, rather sharply, "have the oval face, the Grecian nose, and short, classical upper lip of Doss."

After a moment's pause Hugh said, "She may be a good loving daughter to you, but she is no beauty."

And he is quite right too. Papa's love for me makes him invest me with a thousand perfections which I do not possess; but I must say it is uncomplimentary in Hugh to talk in this strain about any young lady; only he looks upon us all so much as sisters, that he feels he may express his opinions about us very plainly to papa; and he is so truthful, that I know he means every word he says.

Heigho! I hope others will think more of me than Hugh does.

When I talk very eagerly about the Sessions gaiety, aunt Ellen looks pityingly at me, and exclaims, "Vanity, my dear child, all is vanity, and vexation of spirit." I shall see!

October 5th. The box, the ardently expected box, has arrived from England.

Mamma says, she believes that all over the Island there is not such another liberal father as ours.

Our supply of finery is abundant, and such as to satisfy the most requiring and fastidious children.

I have a pretty white muslin dress, dotted all

over with small gold spangles. The boddice is of pink satin, lacing in front, with low neck and elbow sleeves. The stomacher is long, and the train lovely. Altogether it is very womanly, and looks like a real ball-dress. The lace frilling is clear and rich.

I wish mamma would let me tie my sash in front ; but she insists it is only maiden ladies, many years older than I am, and young married ladies who do this ; married ladies wearing the bow on the right side, and spinsters on the left.

Our white satin shoes are so pretty. Some have small turquoise stones set in the buckles, others pink topaz, and others small amethysts. It is astonishing how they shine and sparkle by candle-light.

The same colors do not suit us all, and therefore mamma does not like us girls to dress alike, for while Lucille looks very lovely in pink, Philippa is seen to the best advantage in pale blue.

This evening, in mamma's room, Phil tried on her blue dress, and set the pearl-wreath on her golden hair, and she looked lovely.

I have not put on mine yet, but I am sure, in any dress, I shall never be as sweet-looking as Phil ; and we shall both seem insignificant to Lucille as she walks up the long ball-room, timid and bashful, yet withal dignified and at her ease.

Ah me ! Hugh is quite right—I am no beauty. He must be able to judge well in this matter, for he has associated with lovely English girls of noble

rank ; and I have heard that there is no fairer specimen of beauty than among some of the daughters of our aristocracy.

Papa will not consent that we should powder our hair, though many young ladies in the Island do this.

He says, he wills not that Lucille's raven locks, and Phil's light tresses, should be hidden by any fashion in the world ; to say nothing of the golden-brown head that so often nestles on his shoulder.

Dear papa, as he thus spoke, looked at me with such tenderness, that it sobered my frivolous delight in a moment.

But we are all three to have our hair dressed in the high roll, that is at present so fashionable. Every morsel of hair is taken from the forehead to accomplish this. I am afraid we shall all look very brazen ; but papa declares that is impossible—that all his girls have the Fairfax brow, which need never seek the shade.

October 10th. Mamma is in a great state of excitement, with the idea that Phil will make her fortune at these Sessions if she plays her cards well.

"Better play no game at all," my father exclaimed, with rather a distressed look ; and very seriously he continued, "Lucia"—that was my mother's christian name—"how is it that mothers, tender and careful mothers, who can never bear their daughters out of their sight, are so anxious to give them over to love, which, viewing the

matter in its best light, is untried and new? I must confess I cannot understand it. Every matron feels it to be a crown of honor put on her head when she is possessed of a son-in-law, and yet it is seldom, if ever, a truly loving connection. The young man is suddenly plunged into a new and different relationship with one whom he is to call mother, and with whose tastes, feelings, and habits he is altogether unacquainted.

"A girl may love her husband dearly, but the affections of her whole life cannot all at once merge into this love; and very often, every playful word of home affection, every look of tenderness the daughter gives to one whose kindness has enwrapped her whole life, is regarded by the son-in-law as a robbery from the devotion which ought entirely to be his. Take care, mother, take care, you will wake from your dream when too late."

Mamma did not at all relish this style of conversation. She asked papa why she was not to do the best she could for her children.

There is a nameless quiet something about Lucille which renders it impossible for mamma to talk to her about marrying; and she adheres to her resolution of leaving all my affairs to my father's care. I am glad of this. I hope I am not wronging mamma, but I firmly believe papa has no plans at all to get me married for marrying's sake; I believe he had rather have his own dear Doss at his side, talking to him, and writing for him, than give her in marriage to any of the grandees of our

land, and therefore I always feel entirely at my ease with him.

October 30th. A very merry party we were when we set off for Spanish Town.

Mamma and my sisters went in our large phaeton. It was drawn by four horses, and all the fine dresses were packed in the logwood carriage boxes under the seats. We had four out-riders in livery, but these were in attendance on both our carriages. Although we had only a pair of horses, our vehicle was so light that we kept pace with the large one. Our small things, such as bonnet-boxes, &c., we had sent on the day before by mules.

It was early morning. The plentiful fall of night dew had given that peculiar freshness to the air, which is never felt but at that time in the tropics, and stars in thousands were trembling and sparkling on the deep clear heaven. There was not the shadow of a cloud to dim their lustre.

Day was just awaking as we drew near to that magnificent silk-cotton tree, which forms a beautiful and refreshing canopy over the wide and dusty road between Spanish Town and Kingston.

About two years ago I copied out a manuscript of papa's fairly. It was a little work called "The Trees of Jamaica;" and in it I remember he made mention of this particular tree, and stated that its trunk was from twelve to fourteen feet in circumference; therefore I felt no common interest as I looked up into its shadows. It was in full foliage, and the fruit was nearly ripe.

We remained there some little time to bait the horses, and papa drew my attention to the cotton-pods, which at that time were beginning to open, and we could see the light fawn-colored silky cotton peeping through them.

Phil and I were very much amused at the little cotton-tree sparrows, who had built their nests at the very extremities of the horizontal boughs of this old tree. Even whilst we were talking and bustling about, they sent forth their soft musical whistle, an offering to the morning, for these little creatures are silent throughout the day.

Papa is right. It is a good thing to keep a Diary. I have found it soothing to my mind to think and write of Nature; and I must say, that she keeps very near us in her loveliness, in spite of all our dissipation; for one has but to steal away from the dazzling ball-room, and look from the verandah on the solemn night, to see the flowers bending to the caresses of the land-breeze, the wavy moonbeams pouring their silvery sea over the dark trees, and a voice rises up within one which, if it does not agree with Aunt Ellen, that all is vanity and vexation, certainly calms the tumult of contending earthly passions.

November 7th. The days and nights too flit away so fast, I can scarcely believe it is more than a week since I last wrote in my journal. The balls are exceedingly pleasant, and I have not been half as much frightened as I expected I should be, on making this my first entry into colonial fashionable

life. It is true I always have papa near me, and Hugh too: I think they must act in concert with each other, for if I lose sight of papa, I see Hugh's dark eyes watching me intently, even whilst I am dancing; and he flustered me very much last evening, by taking me to task for having a gentleman as partner of whom he said I knew nothing.

I answered him very snappishly, and told him I could act in these matters for myself as well as my sisters, and that he never troubled them.

He said nothing in reply; and then I began to soften, and before the evening was over I had begged his pardon.

He received this very graciously, and put my arm in his, to secure his being my escort to the supper-room.

I never before saw such an elegant repast. At our own home dinner-parties, the feast was sumptuous enough, but the fruits and flowers at our ball-room were so splendidly arranged.

I believe I had a taste of almost everything there, through the attention of Hugh. I am a very child in comparison with him, and yet not exactly this either, for I believe a girl's mind reaches maturity quickly; and I am sure there is an invisible chain uniting my mind to his, which no one can see, and which would lose all its fascination for me, if revealed to any mortal eye whatever;—else why do we think alike on so many things? Very often, when he has broached a subject, I have been dreaming of it the night before, though I

would not for the world have told this even to my sisters.

Phil looks a bright little fairy, moving with her merry face about among grave and thoughtful men; and yet she is not always among these, either, for the officers of the army and navy seem ready to fight to be her partner. There is a dark, foreign-looking gentleman, who flatters Phillie very much; and though I think she likes his attentions, for he is a man sought after by all the young ladies of the place, yet she tells him to his face that she does not believe in any of his honied words. He is Lord Effingham's secretary—the Honorable Paul Gilpin.

He called on us this morning, and was very pleasant and chatty all the time we were at second breakfast.

We generally have some half dozen friends popping in as we gather round the table. When one by one they had all left us, Papa remarked jestingly to my mother, "I am certain, my dear, you are setting your cap at that Honorable for Philippa."

"I wish you would not talk such rubbish," she replied very testily, "you know more of your sugar canes than of these things."

"And a sweeter knowledge too," he replied, laying stress on the adjective, and taking hold of mamma's chin, with a smile that no unkindly feeling could live under; and so they were friends again, papa only giving her a mischievous look

when any mention was made of the Honorable Paul Gilpin.

November 8th. We dined at the King's House to-day. Lord Effingham is a fine-looking old gentleman. He has been in the army all his life, and was Captain-General of our Island before he was Governor.

Many persons do not like him, but almost all are ready to say, that neither fear nor flattery would turn him from the path of duty. He is as bold as a lion.

Perhaps he is a little stern in his manner to men, but to women he is all gentleness. Mamma likes him much.

Lady Effingham is in very delicate health. The physicians have recommended that she should cruise about in His Majesty's ship, "The Diana."

My father says, the earl is not the same man that he used to be, since Lady Effingham's health has given way. They are tenderly attached to each other.

The packet has arrived, and the gentlemen are all talking of politics. Spanish matters seem to be settled at present; but so eagerly is every one looking out to see what will be done in France, that even the trial of Warren Hastings, which has been resumed, excites but little interest. Papa says they are too hard upon the poor man; that he accepted the presidency of Calcutta at a most critical period; and that when he was promoted to be Governor-General of India, his task was still

more difficult than ever. The defection of his allies, and the increasing power of Hyder Ali, who was aided by France, would soon have overcome British India altogether, had he not strengthened the power of the East India Company, at the expense of the native princes. Hugh thinks he acted for the best, expecting to be upheld by England; but when people get to a high station, however good and virtuous they may be, there are always some envious and bitter spirits waiting to pull them down at the first opportunity.

This I know is only one side of the question. Some accuse him of being a tyrant, and unfit for power, and they say death would be his just reward; but many of our colonial men never think of giving any patient thought to this matter; they act and speak impulsively, and cry out against unlimited power, whilst they hold the scourge in their hand to wield at their will.

But what business have I, a young girl, to write on matters like these? only papa and Hugh have such frequent political discussions in my hearing, that I cannot help catching up a little of what they say.

Hugh knew a lady who was a friend of Warren Hastings, and she said he was an elegant scholar, and a most gentlemanly man.

All I can gather of French news is, that Louis the Sixteenth is so timid and vacillating in his conduct, that he wins the confidence of neither party.

November 15th. Such a succession of pleasant dinner-parties we have had. They are not half so stately and formal as those in England.

Hugh considers there is a geniality in tropical society—a modest unreserve about the West Indian women, which makes the largest parties resemble the gathering together in social familiarity of one family; and I am sure, from the ease pervading all, that this must be the case.

The stiffest parties that I have been to, are the dinners at the King's House. There is a little aping of England's court life there. But though Lord Effingham is a brave English gentleman, he cannot expect the deference that King George would have were he among us, though he has won the kindest regards of all around him.

I am told that at first he was by no means a favorite, but that perceiving this, he became less unbending, and his change of manner was so graciously received, that he soon found the benefit of it, in the respect and affection of those around him.

November 20th. We have an exclusive system, even in this far-off corner of the world, and it is seldom that anyone in the merchants' offices at Kingston can get *entrée* at the King's House. In fact, the Spanishtonians think themselves altogether more aristocratic than the Kingstonians; and last evening I heard some ladies speaking in a most haughty and unkind manner concerning one Mr. Otway, who was a merchant's clerk in Kingston,

and whose father had amassed considerable property in the English commercial world.

There was positively a whole group of ladies standing in council on this unsuspecting man. They were using their large painted fans with great vehemence, and speaking far more loudly than good breeding or delicacy of feeling authorized. It seemed strange to me that such hard and rigid ideas should be entertained by those on whom youth was hanging softly and sweetly, for in the very morning of girlhood were many engaged in this unchristian and unkindly conversation.

Ah me! I fear christianity, if it is, as aunt Ellen says, made up entirely of love, has little footing among any of us, otherwise there would not be so many sinful passions roaming in and out among us at their will, and filling up every nook and corner of our minds.

I wonder what these ladies would have felt if, in the midst of their discussion, an angel, in passing, had breathed on them the words, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." I suspect they would have looked very guilty and shame-stricken, for aunt Ellen thinks that, though the chief mission of the holy angels is among those who love and fear the Lord, that they are nevertheless sometimes sent to admonish the ungodly and unthankful. However, fashion is a tyrant, and over-much gaiety, I am persuaded, hardens the heart.

Philippa, as well as I, heard almost every word

of this conversation, and both of us were much distressed and annoyed.

Phil said to me in an undertone, "I am sure Mr. Otway is a comely young man ; I like his appearance much better than that little whipper-snapper of an officer who has been molesting me all the evening." She was referring to Paul Gilpin.

I cannot tell how it was, but Philippa was never left alone. Mamma said you might as well expect to see the young oranges in Fayal without the Faya tree bending over them, as to see Phil without her admirers.

It is quite impossible Lucille has no lovers. The fact is, she is very sly about it ; and when any attention is paid to her, she is in terror lest mamma should discover it. She is of such a sensitive, delicate nature, that she could not brook the idea of a marriage being urged upon her.

It is something deeper, holier than beauty in Lucille's face which makes her so lovely. I am sure that aunt Ellie must have looked the same when she was a girl.

November 18th. I have so much to put in my diary, and yet after all, I think more of it than anyone would who was a few years older than I am.

Lucille has had a proposal of marriage from a young man of very good condition. Yes, Mr. Chalice, who is the son of the president of the Council, made her an offer as he was leading her into the supper-room the night before last. He is

not handsome, but intelligent and gentlemanly looking. My father says it is only women of very mediocre minds who look for beauty in a man.

I am sure Lucille would have concealed it from us if she could have done so, but Mr. Chalice asked my mother's leave to offer himself to Louey, and she gave it, though she declares that, when she did so, she was pretty sure the man would have a refusal. I cannot think how he could venture to ask her, for he has never been much in her society.

Papa thinks him conceited, and insists that he had persuaded himself that no woman could refuse him, and that my sister's repulse will do him good ; but she, poor girl, is as distressed as if she had committed some great crime in refusing him.

Mamma could not have given up all hope for Louey, for she is evidently much disappointed, but fears papa too much to own it. This event has thrown a strangeness and silence on us all.

I always thought there must be something interesting and romantic about an offer of marriage, but it seems there is nothing of the kind. Lucille looks the same as ever, only the very least degree more thoughtful, and Mr. Chalice has been phandering after the Miss Buchannans and the Miss Lawrences all this morning.

I heard Lucille saying to mamma, "But I did not know him, and how could I either like or dislike him?"

I wonder if Lucille will really love any one ! How can I write thus of her ? Has she not a heart

as warm and affectionate as any one of us? She is delicately watchful over me—more like a kindly-disposed young step-mother than an elder sister, with this difference only, that she tries to conceal her kind and loving concern.

Perhaps she feels papa pets me too much and keeps me aloof from mamma's surveillance, and so she tries to make up for this by her quiet loving watchfulness over my unthinking ways. Most certain it is that she takes more care of me than of Philippa, but then she feels she would be intruding on mamma's ground in that quarter.

November 20th. We have given a grand ball. It was not all easy-going, though, for Phil and I had great work to get Mr. Otway invited.

Hugh thought it was hardly dutiful of me to press the point so with my parents, and unbecoming in any young maiden to urge such an invitation.

I am sure I should have spoken to him very pettishly had I not met Lucille's look at the moment. She was standing a little behind Hugh where he could not see her, and she softly placed her finger on her lips, in token to me of silence, with such a sweetly pleading look that I could not resist it, and so I turned from Hugh without speaking.

However, Mr. Otway came to our ball, and both Phil and I paid him more attention than we had ever paid to any gentleman in our lives. Philippa is quite enthusiastic about him, and says he is worth twenty of Paul Gilpin; not that she made

this remark in mamma's hearing, she knew better than to do that.

Mr. Otway is so pleased and flattered at the way in which we have received him into our circle, that he requites us for it by a certain sort of homage very grateful to young girls.

Phil danced with him three times following, and then mamma interfered. Col. Holbrook's lady peered at him through her eye-glass, and turned up her nose at him, and mamma was so put out by this that she could not quite maintain her calm manner, but grew red in the face, and whispered something about Mr. Otway having done business for papa.

Hugh said the man was all very well in his way, but that was no reason why Phil and I were to court him.

Papa had just put me under Hugh's special charge for the rest of the evening; so when he charged me not to dance again with Mr. Otway, I was compelled to obey. If I had no other excuse to make, I was to plead an engagement with Hugh.

I am thankful Mr. Otway only asked me once, and then it was easy enough to excuse myself, for Hugh, although at some distance, appeared to understand all that was passing, and coming forward to the rescue, led me away to the Spanish waltz.

Mrs. Holbrook and mamma were in deep confab as we passed, and I caught some broken sentences touching want of care, unaristocratic association, &c.

Phil was soon dancing again with Mr. Otway. I was sorry for this, after what mamma had said.

I had not an opportunity of speaking to my wayward sister, but I contrived to frown at her knowingly as I passed.

The lamps sparkled, and the old hall grew young again from the youth and beauty gathered in it, and yet our evening entertainment had cloud and discomfort about it. In the midst of our mirth there was heaviness.

November 21st. I am weary, weary ; not with last night's fatigue, but with the angry discussion that took place at our breakfast table this morning. Mamma called on my father to reprove Phil, who sat sulking and pouting, and looking, as Hugh said afterwards, "prettier in her vexation than in her mirth."

Papa said, very cheerily, "Oh, you women must settle these matters among yourselves." And so poor Phil had to bear the brunt of the storm, for after my mother had told papa that he did not look properly after his girls, or consider their welfare as any other parent would do, and he had answered her only by silence and a very loving look at Phil ; she poured forth all her vexation on my devoted sister till Hugh came manfully forward, and declared it was too bad that Phil should be left alone in the combat, and "the best thing you can do, Doss," he said, with a very cheery smile, "is to go and stand by her side, and share with your sister some of

this rain of words, for if there is any blame at all, you were equally to blame with Phil."

Lucille told me afterwards I thanked him with my eyes as he spoke. I know I thanked him in my heart for taking Phil's part so bravely. "Come, come, Doss," he said, "you need not blush and look so confused. Tell mamma, honestly, that you both think it a very fine thing to patronize this young gentleman, and that the opposition placed in your way of so doing, will only give zest to the affair as far as you and Phil are concerned."

Mamma seemed somewhat appeased when Hugh talked in this way, and admitted that she had spoken somewhat too hastily to Phil, but things did not get quite round. Mamma spoke very sharply to the servants, and accused our butler of sloth, when I thought he was dancing attendance on us very nimbly; but the sea of thought was ruffled within her, and these angry words were but the spray of restless feeling.

The rest of our meal passed on very silently, and Philippa pleading weariness, left the table before breakfast was over.

What a dull flat day we have had—exhausted in mind and body.

Among our other visitors, Mr. Otway has called, but mamma did not ask him to second breakfast as she did many of the others, the Honorable Paul Gilpin among them.

Poor Phil was sadly put out, and I saw the bright tear-line in her eye as she sat at the table. I

fancied she was unusually short and sharp in her manner to Paul Gilpin.

November 23rd. Hugh is so good and pleasant since my obedience to him at our ball, and as Lucille remarked, it is better for me to be guided by a man like him, one who has so much experience with regard to life, and a mind so far above the common, than to trust to my own half-formed judgment and childish knowledge.

"Why does not Hugh take care of you, Lucille?" I said. She blushed very deeply, and then grew paler than was her wont; and I remembered my surmises concerning there being an attachment between herself and Hugh. This is a painful thought to me, and continues to harass me throughout the day. Lucille said, she believed from her heart, I had a pearl in my possession which she was afraid I did not value. There were tears in her eyes as she spoke.

"You are no longer a child, Doss"—these were her very words—"and Hugh knows this, and continues his devotion to you. He is too noble and too honorable to do this for mere sport and pastime.

"But he is not devoted to me, Louey," I replied, stoutly; "he is authoritative and unkind. Does not a lover kneel to his mistress? does he not shower on her honied words? does he not at least try to convince her that she is the fairest and sweetest of her kind? Indeed, Louey," I continued, earnestly, noting the smile on her lips, "such a lover I must have, or none!

Lucille burst into a merry laugh. "On the pages of Sir Charles Grandison," she said, "such a being may exist; but a man of Hugh's high principles would never have recourse to hypocrisy to further his ends; he would never use specious words to aid him in his suit."

I was baffled again; but I again defended myself. "Hugh scorns me," I said, "I know he does. I see it in the curl of his lip, in the proud look of his eyes; a thousand times in the day I observe his supercilious bearing."

"I am sure he does not despise you," Lucille said kindly, and kissing me as she spoke. "and I tell you what, Doss, it is a great advantage to us girls to be in constant association with men of such superior minds as papa and Hugh; and if he gives you a rub occasionally, it is only to keep the fine gold in your character from becoming dim."

It is all very well for Louey to talk in this way, and becomes her uncommonly, for she looks like an angel when she puts in a good word for Hugh; but his noble mind is nothing whatever to me individually.

November 26th. How much I have been thinking of all Louey said yesterday. Her admonitions make much more impression on me than mamma's.

I am not fit to go to the King's House to-night. Papa says I am of too sensitive and poetic a nature for this every-day world. I suppose this must be the reason why I am so continually discomposed.

What an exceedingly handsome, gentlemanly creature Hugh is! How could Lucille be so foolish as to think for a moment he was devoted to me!

It is not in the least likely that he should make up to a little girl of sixteen, when the very first ladies in our Island, aye, and in England too, would give their right hand to have him. Yet I do not think he knows this. There is a strange simplicity about him.

Everyone but himself sees that the post-master's daughter is setting her cap at him; and he looks as if his thoughts were far away all the time she is talking to him.

November 27th. Early morning. We have just returned from the ball. I am so restless that I cannot sleep. It will do me good to write a little in my Diary.

I am much grieved and pained. I have vexed Hugh sadly. Instead of being pleased, as Louey says I ought to be, at his kind surveillance, I was irritated and displeased when he reproved me, and told him he had no right to interfere with my doings.

He turned very pale, and without taking any notice of my rude speech, said, "You are encouraging Philippa to be undutiful—to disobey her parents."

"I am doing no such thing," I answered.

"You must have gotte further than I thought on the wrong way, Dorothy," he observed, "if you can look in my face and assure me, that you have said

or done nothing to encourage your sister." And then I knew he must have heard me whisper to Phil in passing, "Stand in the shadow of the doorway, and mamma will not see you are with Mr. Otway till the dance has begun."

Before he had finished speaking, I was conscience-stricken, and completely humbled, and I hung down my head without daring to answer him.

"I am glad you have the grace to be abashed," he continued—I think he was going to say, "at the falsehood you have told," but he checked himself, and added, musingly—"when we are not hardened in a fault, there is hope we may seek God's strength, and thus throw it from us; and I do trust, Doss,"—this was said in a much softer tone—"that you will consider before you speak so rashly again.

"It is my opinion, Mr. Otway is convinced his advances to Phil are looked upon coldly by your parents; but, at the same time, he sees the sparkle in your sister's eyes when she meets him, and notices the elasticity of her step when he is her partner in the dance, and so he feels persuaded that he may win her, at any rate.

"You know very well that your father's family is one of the first in the Island, and could stand up in England by any of the country gentlemen there. Mr. Otway, without even caring for Phil, would be proud to attach himself to such a family; and your sister, I fancy, encourages him simply from the love of opposition so inherent in young girls.

‘A fine thing it will be to brave all for his sake!’ I dare say she sometimes says this to herself; when, if your mamma had smiled on him, and your father approved of his intimacy with her, she would have cared no more for him than she did for Paul Gilpin. She is playing a dangerous game, and you must set your face against it, Doss.”

I thought he was taking matters too seriously, but I could not tell him so, for over his brow there passed that haughty look which always throws me back from him.

We were walking in the moonlit piazza while thus conversing, and one or two persons looked very pryingly at us as we passed. We were not at all inclined to join the dancers, for indeed I could scarcely keep the tears from my eyes. I had never been so seriously spoken to by Hugh before.

I am resolved, that to-morrow, some time in the forenoon, I will find time to expostulate with Phil, and advise her to be more distant to Mr. Otway, as mamma wishes it.

Ah me! aunt Ellie truly spoke with wisdom when she warned us of the vexation of spirit that mingles with all the merriment of this world. Here am I, who was anticipating such happiness from Session gaiety, sick at heart, and longing for the shadow, and rest, and sweet free air of the country.

November 30th. I have spoken to dear Phil, but I am afraid I have not done her much good. She seems out of sorts with everything around her, and

there is a petulance in her manner, very unlike the Phil of our quiet country home.

Lucille is the only one who seems calm and happy—as though she were among us, yet not one of us.

I made this remark to Hugh, and he answered in that peculiar tone which he always uses when he is thoughtful.

“I have no doubt,” he said, “but she has her heart-shadows as well as we have, but I strongly suspect she and aunt Ellie drink from the same pure fountain; and the peace of God, which passes all understanding, keeps their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”

I was not prepared for so grave an answer, and therefore I stole away from Hugh, and left him sitting in the piazza, enjoying the fragrance of the newly-cut grass, that in many carts was passing down our dusty street—for the tropical grass is of too tough a nature to yield to the scythe, neither can it be made into hay; so that we girls only know by hearsay of the pleasant mowing time, when the scythe, with a regular and sweeping sound, lays low the flowery grasses, and the merry haymakers are throwing about the green swathes in the sunshine.

Aunt Ellie has explained to us a great deal about all this.

I have, I fear, been writing very unconnectedly in my journal to-day; but papa told me to put down my passing thoughts; and they ran away

from Hugh and his gravity to the pleasant summer-time of old England.

How delightful must be the change of seasons ! Papa declares, if I would only look deeper into the natural world, I should find we had changes here too, as well as in England.

I must say it appears to me all monotonous uniformity ; summer, burning summer throughout the year, unless, indeed, in the high mountains ; but even there, though the climate is delightful, I may say, heavenly, there is no simultaneous bursting forth of foliage at the sudden command of spring, no golden-brown autumn mantling the forests. Each different species of tree has its quiet birth of young leaves, and these fall and die unnoticed, while the forest around is full of life and beauty.

I am glad the Sessions are nearly over. It is not good to be here. I wish we were in the country again, where we could watch the sunset on the glowing sea, and take a pleasant evening sail across the bay. I never feel lonely in the country !

Exeter Hall, December 10th. Here we are at our old estate again ! Since I last wrote, many things have happened that should call forth from my heart unbounded thankfulness.

I very much fear I am not grateful as I should be to Him who gives His angels charge over us, to keep us in all our ways.

I am so glad to be at the old place again. I had well-nigh been cut off for ever from my home, but Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.

As aunt Ellie says, "We can see God's goodness when standing close to any great deliverance, but we never consider how many times in the day He carries us over the unseen snare, or turns the arrow of the lightning from us.

I believe that English people generally know nothing of the kind of disaster that befel us on our return home.

There is a large gully between Exeter Hall and Spanish Town, the nature of which very much puzzles the stranger on his first arrival in Jamaica.

It is a strong mountain torrent, which, forcing for itself a path down the steep, sweeps through the plains, and crossing the road at one's feet, rushes with foam and spray into the ocean.

When there has been a long drought, the course of these gullies is observable only by a deep sandy fissure, in which are large pieces of detached rock, tangled in a bright net-work of weeds, straggling convolvuluses, and knots of the partially-decayed trunks of trees. If there have been heavy rain in the mountains, though the weather continue clear and dry in the lowlands, all intercourse with Spanish Town is cut off from those living in our part of the country, for the dry ground over which you travelled in the morning, has become a foaming, boiling river, hurrying, with its voice of many waters, into the sea.

Before we left town, we had noticed some heavy mountain clouds, and as we journeyed on we saw them grow wider and darker ; but still the sunlight

beamed joyously, the heaven immediately above us was cloudless. So bright and pleasant was *our way*, that we thought the mountain clouds must have been made more of mist than of rain.

What was our surprise to hear the driver exclaim, "Hi! Massa must no pass here, the gully come down, for true." We came on this gully at a turn of the road. I cannot think how it was that none of us heard the roaring of the waters. The horses, snorting and trembling, stopped with a jerk; and my place in the carriage being on a narrow seat, with my back to the horses, I was thrown out on the bank of the gully.

It was all the work of a moment. In another second the muddy, boiling torrent would have borne me onward to the sea, for down it was rushing, tearing up in its course large trees by the roots, and breaking away huge masses of rock; and I was within an ace of its grasp, when a strong hand rescued me from destruction.

Papa told me how Hugh, with a rapidity which seemed marvellous to them all, had leaped from the carriage, and followed me to the very brink of death.

I had been nearly immersed in the angry waters, for when he brought me back in his arms to the carriage, we were both drenched in mud.

I knew nothing of all this at the time, for I was stunned by a blow I had received on my temple.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself lying on a sofa, in the aft cabin of the good ship "*Ariadne*," then lying in Old Harbour.

Papa told me how the dry gully of the morning had become ere sunset a troubled sea, preventing the possibility of our return home, and that he had bethought him of his friend Captain Incleton, whose ship was almost entirely freighted with our sugars, and there found shelter for us all for the night.

I seemed as, by a charm from this accident, to have won the double love of every one. Mamma quite forgot I was papa's favourite ; Lucille established herself as head nurse ; Phil came out of her reserved and unkindly mood ; and my father was filled with a sense of silent grateful thankfulness to God, and has ever since looked at me with an indescribable degree of tenderness.

And Hugh was charming. Oh, I can never forget what he was to me for many days. He would not let me be grateful to him ; he seemed to have lost all sense of his great superiority over me, and more than once kissed me, yes, kissed me fervently, thanking God that he had been so blessed and honoured as to be permitted to save my life. I could hardly believe the words I heard him speak, so strange they sounded from him ; and when he held to my lips a tumbler of mulled claret, I am quite sure he was ready to weep, for I looked very steadily at him that I might not be mistaken about it.

I would go through all again, and lie as it were in the very arms of death, to be rescued by Hugh, again to spend hours as full of sweetness as those that flitted so quickly by when we were on board
"The Ariadne."

I suppose my nerves were very much shaken, for although happy beyond anything I could express, I could not help giving way to paroxysms of violent weeping. Hugh chid me gently for my tears, but in a way that made his words sweeter than commendation from any other. And then he spoke to me in such a heavenly strain of God's protecting love and care, telling me how the blessed angels at their Father's bidding pitched their tents round about those who feared God, that they might be at hand to deliver them in the hour of distress and danger, that I could almost fancy it was aunt Ellie talking.

And then I questioned with myself softly, whether I was one of those who could claim, as it were, the guardianship of the Most High. Did I love and serve the Lord? And then conscience made answer—oh so faithfully, as it always does—that I thought little, far too little, of the blessed Saviour who had done so much for me.

I must confess that my parents have spoken little to me of serious things; nevertheless, I have from time to time, through grandmamma and aunt Ellie, been warned, reproved, and instructed, so that I could not help owning to myself I was utterly without excuse for the careless life I had led.

We remained silent for some little time, and then Hugh, as if he had heard my unexpressed thoughts, slowly remarked, "Doss, we may, from association and education, have a general fear of God, and it

may be quickened and strengthened by an accident like yours this afternoon ; but to be a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, to do His work, influenced by love such as the angels have—nay, if I may so speak, to love Him more gratefully than they, from the sweet sense of our redemption—this, dear, would make heaven of earth. Discord and misunderstanding would vanish from the world ; for thus to abide in God's love we must keep His commandments, and His command is, that as He has loved us, so should we love one another."

I had frequently heard aunt Ellie talk thus, but never Hugh, and so I very innocently replied, "I never thought before, Hugh, that you were so religious."

He looked enquiringly at me for a moment, and then answered, "Your remark is a reproof to me, and ought to lead me to commune quietly but searchingly with my spirit!"

Had Lucille or Phil bantered me about Hugh that evening, I can tell them I would not have thrown back their words at them in scorn as I had hitherto done. Something within me whispered, "If you get the love of so good and wise a man, it will be a great thing for so weak and foolish a little girl as you are." And he had called me "dear," an expression I had never heard him use either to Lucille or Philippa.

I lay there on the sofa, looking up at him as he sat by me. His face was partly turned from me—I could not have dared thus to look at him, had

not this been the case. Yes, looking at his noble face, and thinking it was no marvel that Lucille had said the love of such a man would be a pearl of price, with my hand in his I gently fell asleep.

Captain Incleton insisted that we should remain to second breakfast the next day, and a pleasant meal we had.

A manati, or sea-cow, as the sailors call it, had been caught early that morning in the bay, and a large piece of this meat, in appearance and taste very much like roasted veal, was at the head of the table.

It is a curious and clumsy animal, Captain Incleton told us, with a thick head and very small eyes. Its neck is so short, that were it not for a peculiar movement which makes it wrinkle, it would be difficult to tell the exact place where its ox-like head terminates.

This large creature is so timid, that it very seldom rises above the surface of the deep, and had only been lured to enter our bay from a peculiar grass abounding there, on which the manati loves to feed. Captain Incleton said his sailors had observed the dark mass of body moving on the intense green, which in one part of our bay spreads out like a meadow under the waves.

We had excellent pepper-pot at our repast, made of Lima beans, Indian kale, and ochro ; yams and hot plantains, with cheese, fresh from England ; and fruits, which at that burning mid-day time

were indeed most refreshing and delicious. Shaddocks, water melons, pine apples, sweet sop, oranges, pomegranates, and custard apples.

And what with this meal, which I really think lasted for two or three hours, and at which the Captain did right well the honors of the table, amusing us with anecdotes of wild boar hunts, Maroon rebellions, &c., the afternoon sped away quickly, and evening had laid her softening hand on the coast, and dyed the sea with the peculiar and grave crimson of the tropics, before we had thought that day was in its decline.

December 21st. I have had sharp fever since I last wrote in my journal, and mamma sent for aunt Ellie, whom my father considers a kind of ministering angel to us in all our troubles. Lucille went to grandmamma's.

The doctor says my illness was produced by excitement. Such kind, careful nurses I have, for they still think me an invalid; and truly I am in no hurry to let them put aside that impression, and Hugh is not the least attentive among them.

Last evening, aunt Ellie, Hugh, and I sat in the piazza, and we indulged in all sorts of fancies touching the clouds hanging round the golden sunset.

Hugh insisted he could discern the shining sea, circling a little island on which stood a crystal tower, where two little fairies dwelt, called Happiness and Contentment, and he said they would not

let any mortal approach them who possessed not a humble and docile spirit.

When I told Hugh I wondered how his fairies could live without flowers, and fruits, and a shadowy garden, he declared I was a prosaic little thing, and thought more of the material than the spiritual.

Aunt Ellie said she rather loved to think of the bright stream of sunset as the river of glory leading to the land of rest.

Hugh looked so approvingly at her when she made this remark, that I knew what he thought. But aunt Ellie's words always fall on us like dew on the thirsty land.

Though we have family prayer at home on Sundays, (and I believe ours is the only country family that keeps up this observance,) yet our religion is, I am afraid, pretty tightly clasped up in the old red-leaved Prayer-book, save for half an hour or so on the Sabbath morning, when it peeps out, and is like a stranger to us all.

Now with aunt Ellie the case is quite different. She sees God's grace and beauty in the natural world around her, and His love and goodness in the simplest things. Our very meals, that we take as a matter of course, she receives as her Heavenly Father's bounty. I am sure she is always thinking of her Saviour, and lives in quiet communion with Him, as friend with friend.

Her simplest duties are sanctified by prayer; and when she talks to us girls, and begs us to set our affections on things above, we all feel that she

is not uttering set phrases, but speaking out of the abundance of her heart, of One whom her soul loveth.

There is a singular beauty in aunt Ellen's mind, which I heard my mother telling Papa she could not perceive. His answer to her surprised me very much. It was an exact quotation from Scripture, and it is not his habitude to express himself in Bible language—"The natural man," he remarked, "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God ; for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

I suspect papa knows much more than he chooses to confess of the christian's life and walk. He can tell the difference between those who serve the Great Master and those who do not.

Mamma declared aunt Ellie repeated the same things over and over again.

"Oh no!" I exclaimed, rather pertly, "indeed she does not. She has varied thoughts on the same subject, and it is difficult to get her to tell the same story twice."

My father observed that I had formed a pretty correct judgment of aunt Ellie; but mamma said I had contradicted her in an unbecoming way, and I am quite sure I did, though I was aggrieved at the reproof.

I wish I had more of the spirit which was in Christ Jesus! I should not then fret and fume about things as I do, and grow miserable when those around me do not give me as many kind looks and words as I require.

I was sadly disappointed concerning the enjoyment I had hoped to derive from the Sessions gaiety. I think there is much truth in what aunt Ellie says—"Only the immortal can satisfy the desires of the mortal ; only Jesus can feed you till you hunger not."

Christmas Day! I have never passed so quiet a Christmas before. I have not strength to join in the merry-makings. Our slaves have decorated the old arch in our Hall very prettily with pimento boughs. And aunt Ellie goes to church!

The negroes are very busy with their processions. There has always been something terrifying to me in these clamourous marches. The goomba and banjo have a wild sound. I can distinguish in the chorus of their song, the tone of the Mandingo negroes from the others, it is so plaintive and wailing ; but they are very superior in intellect to those who come from other parts of Africa. Whenever there is a new moon, they kneel, and with clasped hands chant a hymn, each stanza ending with "La Illa, Ill Illa!"—"God, He is God!" and through an interpreter papa made out that Friday was a day of strict fasting among them in their own country. They said it was considered almost a sin to *swallow their spittle* on that day.

Hugh has on his estate a Mandingo butler, who has written out the Arabic alphabet very correctly and beautifully. He must be uncomfortable as a slave, though Hugh does all in his power to make bondage rest lightly upon him. He seems to have

been disciplined by education, for he does not give way to his feelings in the same uncontrolled manner that other negroes do. Perhaps when he understands English better we shall learn more about him.

December 26th. Papa gives a grand dinner-party to-morrow. The Chief Justice, the Attorney General, the President of the Council, Lord Effingham's friend and relative, the Honorable Paul Gilpin, all are to be there. Most of them will sleep at our house. My father is rather put out, because aunt Ellie has expressed her intention of going home to-morrow; for nurse Mildred, a faithful negro slave, is with grandmamma; and papa insists that aunt Ellie does not care for him, otherwise she would not be so anxious to leave him.

"Brother," my aunt said, firmly, but sweetly, "I cannot voluntarily put myself in a situation where I should be at war with my own conscience, and unfaithful to my heavenly allegiance.

"I have often told you what I think of such festivities at this holy season. Give your family their Christmas dinner, and let your young folks spend the evening in innocent mirth; but these uproarious feasts, where reason staggers under intoxication, O brother, can you seriously think they do honor to Him whose birth we celebrate at this time?"

Papa grew very angry with aunt Ellie, and threw back all she said in a style prevalent among most

of the planters, the only difference being, that he said to her face what the others said about religion among themselves.

He told her, such a profession of methodistical trash he had never heard before, and that he really must beg she would let him go to heaven in his own way. My aunt did not retaliate, but remained silent, and so the subject was dropped.

Tamarind Grove, January 14th, 1791. The doctor pressed papa so to let me go away with aunt Ellie, that he consented, though ungraciously, to her request that I should spend a week or two with grandmamma. He declared I should be moped to death.

It certainly would be a little dull if aunt Ellie were not so entertaining.

She has a quiet way of interesting and amusing one without seeming to try to do so at all; and sometimes, when grandmamma is in the vein for story-telling, she interests wiser heads than mine. She knew the pious and highly-gifted Doddridge, and her mother, my great-grandmother, was staying with him at Northampton when he brought out that great work, his "Family Expositor." She had heard him tell the story of Colonel Gardiner's conversion, which he insisted was quite as miraculous as that of St. Paul's, for that the blessed Saviour had really appeared to him hanging on the cross.

Grandmamma has a great talent for conversation. It is strange, as she sits there in her

sightless old age, how she can rivet the attention of all around her, and through the gift of converse, set before them a picture of the past as it appears to her mental eye.

When aunt Ellie returned with me, she found a packet letter waiting for her. It was from one Mr. William Romaine, a divine of some note in England, and she was in a great flutter when she opened the letter.

It was dated Blackfriars. Aunt said he had held the living of St. Ann's there for some years, and that he also had the living of St Dunstan's.

As she read the letter, the tears rolled down her cheeks. It was a great thing for aunt Ellie thus to give way, for her feelings are usually under control. "O, happy, happy England!" she said, "where God is honored, where His Sabbaths are hallowed, where His peace and favour rest!"

"The very sight of Mr. Romaine's hand-writing brings vividly to my mind," my aunt said, "the recollection of other days, and the memory of the holy and happy time I spent in England sweeps over my spirit like a sigh.

"My father was a man so immersed in business, that I fear he had not many thoughts to give to heavenly things, but what shall it profit a man, dear Doss, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? He was sent off to this country at a young and tender age, and his early impressions of piety, if he had any, were soon blotted out by the iniquity surrounding him in this island.

"When I was six years of age, he sent me home to his sisters for education ; they were gentle and godly women, unmarried, and caring little for the things of the world. Mr. Romaine was our constant visitor.

"From that time till I was three-and-twenty I remained under their holy influence and instruction, and I should not even then have returned to my parents in this country had not Mr. Romaine's curate and friend, Mr. Dalston, a young man of high and holy principle, been cut off by lingering consumption. We were to have been married as soon as he had any preferment, though I knew for more than a year before he was called away that this could never be.

"There was much solace, Doss, in this affliction ; I realized so vividly our meeting in the dear Saviour's presence, I was so soothed and comforted by the dying look of joy that irradiated his face, that it was some little time before I could believe in my desolation. Truly Mr. Romaine did his Master's work at that time, and bound up the broken-hearted, and healed that which was sick. 'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth,' he often told me, 'and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' Those were dark days, but not long did the Comforter tarry. Gradually the storm of feeling subsided, and I learned that we must have patience as well as faith if we would inherit the promises. Sometimes, my dear," she added, "I find it difficult to 'stand and wait,' but this is the

spirit our Father loves, and this long life-sorrow is to perfect in me that which was wanting."

As I looked at aunt Ellie, I thought how very pretty she must have been in her youthful days. I wondered I had never before noticed her regularity of feature, and the sweetness that played about her lips when she smiled; and now, as she sat before me, with the past lighting up her face, it seemed to me that there was something heavenly shining in her eyes, and that she was beautiful with the beauty over which time and change have no power.

"Now you will understand, Doss," she said, "why I shrink from joke and laughter concerning aunt Ellie's making a good match some day. I have always felt *he* never could be replaced. We were one in faith, and hope, and prayer.

"I often feel uneasy about you girls. In the present state of society in this Island, there is no one I could name who would be a fitting husband for any one of you, unless, indeed—" ah, I knew the name that hovered on her lips; but seeing my distressed look, and recollecting her error on a former occasion, she stopped short, and then added after a moment or two of silence, "Your father knows all this as well as I do, though he will not own it, for he loves our colonial home, and it is in truth one of the beautiful corners of the earth; but I believe God's blessing will never smile broadly on the land till its curse is removed." I knew very well she was speaking of slavery, although she did

not dare even to me to put forth the subject more definitely.

"How can any one prosper," she said, kindling up into very unusual excitement, "when he wrests from the Almighty, as it were, a power over his fellow-man, which should belong only to his Creator?"

"Hush! my dear child," grandmamma exclaimed, but very kindly, "You know two of your father's people ran away last week from Cane Hall, which is our mountain estate in Clarendon, and joined the Maroons."

This silenced aunt Ellie, and sent her back to Mr. Romaine's letter, which she had not yet finished reading; and as she bent over it, I saw the usual peaceful look returning to her face.

Presently, smiling at me, she observed, "Mr. Romaine is a Durham man; he was born at Hartlepool, and has all the bluntness, nay, even roughness of manner which attaches itself to those Northerners, but he is as honest and good a soldier of Jesus Christ as ever lived. His style of writing is in keeping with his character."

And then she read aloud from his letter as follows—but I should not have been able to put it in my diary had she not copied out in pencil the paragraph for me:

"'Thank you for your kind remembrance of me at our court. Pray continue me that favour; and when the King smiles upon you, and when you have freedom to approach, and have access with

confidence into His royal presence, then make request for me. He knows, for He has sent me on my present work. I find myself as unfit for it as a dog that cannot bark, yet I am not discouraged, because Jesus is my strength; He arms me for the work with the whole armour of God. 'Tis blessed fighting through Jesus our Captain. All things, while we live by faith, shall make us grow up into Christ more closely and more intimately. Without Him you can do nothing. This is the believer's growth, and he is made to see and feel this continually, that he may not live upon self—upon any creature—upon worldly happiness, but that, finding his need of Jesus every moment, he may be receiving every moment grace for grace out of Jesus' fulness.'"

Ah me! how I wish I was more like aunt Ellie—that my mind was not so set on earthly happiness.

January 22nd. I feel so peaceful here. Perhaps, because weakened by my late illness, I am in a mood to enjoy quiet.

I have been sitting in the verandah with aunt Ellie. She was half afraid it was not prudent of her to let me do so, as there is a north wind prevalent which gives fever.

Very beautifully and noiselessly night descended on the plains and woodland near us. The night-blooming jasmin breathed her sweetest on the silvery sea of moonlight around. The hedge of wild convolvulses near us never looked more beautiful than it did to-night; and the thick star-

apple trees just below our dwelling were shewing the bright side of their character in the agitation which the north wind had produced among them, for the leaves of this tree are of a shining coppery brown underneath, while above they are of a rich green.

Aunt Ellie said, in her own placid way, that this tree reminded her of the Christian, whose character was never more beautiful than when the storm of trial swept over him ; " For when in tribulation," she observed, " we see a loveliness in him, which we had not noticed in the calm of prosperity."

February 5th. I am again at home, and everything is going on just the same as it did before my illness ; and again the restless, yearning feeling is at my heart which discomfited me so much during our stay in Spanish Town.

Hugh has drawn back into himself again, and if he does not look scornfully, looks coldly on me. I suppose he fears I shall be too forward and familiar with him if he continues to be thus condescending.

I shall let him see that I do not care at all about his change of manner.

What difference can it make to me ?

I dare say that I, as well as Lucille and Phil, should have had admirers at the Sessions, had not papa and Hugh been so careful to keep them off ; but I can be happy and content without any, while my father's love is so tender, and while I have free access to my favorite volumes in the study.

The other day, mamma was boasting of the accomplishments of her daughters. She said that Louey and Phil played well on the harp and spinette; and that although I was very much behindhand, in consequence of having devoted so much time to my father's musty old books, (by the bye, they are not musty, for we have many new ones every year, and magazines and political pamphlets at Easter and Michaelmas,) yet that my voice was sweet and good; only she wished I would not be such a fool as to tremble when asked to sing.

February 16th. Oh that I could always be under aunt Ellie's influence! I am so easily discomposed and ruffled in my temper, although I know in my own mind all the while that it is wrong to be so.

How often aunt Ellie has begged me to bear in mind, that the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, would never dwell in any heart that indulged in angry feelings, and revelled in them. I have been verily guilty in this matter.

February 17th. Paul Gilpin, and a friend of his, a Mr. Channing, are staying here on a visit.

Mamma is delighted with them, and even I, inexperienced in anything of this kind as I am, can see that she is well pleased when the "Honorable" is at Phil's side.

I must stop writing. Philippa has come to me in *déshabille*, and thrown herself on my bed. She says she must have some talk with me. How

graceful she looks, with her golden locks falling like sunbeams on the pillow, yet so pale. Mr. Paul Gilpin says, he admires her style of beauty, far more than that of the robust English lasses, with their ruddy cheeks.

February 23rd. It is nearly a week since my journal and I have communed together.

No wonder Phil wanted to talk to me. She told me, that she had received an offer of marriage from Mr. Gilpin, that she had refused him, and that she only hoped it would not reach mamma's ears.

I asked her why she was not glad to marry a man of rank, such an aristocratic man, and one to whom all the girls in Spanish Town paid court.

"Oh! he is all very well in his way," she replied, "but he is forced upon me, and how do I know he would think of me at all, if mamma did not push me forward into his notice. Mr. Otway's partiality for me is all genuine; nay, though mamma insults him, he keeps true to me."

"I do not see that, Phil," I said. "He knows that by birth and education you are far above him; he knows you will be well off. In every point of view it would be an advantageous thing for him to marry any one of us, so I cannot give him credit for any vast amount of disinterestedness; and after all, Phil, I think he is rather common-place."

"I think so too," she answered with much simplicity. "But then is it not delightful to take his part, when every one is against him, and to see the

smile that lights up his face when you do this. And then, as he says, 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' there is something exhilarating in the feeling that you are braving opposition. Now Mr. Gilpin is just pushed down my throat, and the whole affair nauseates me,"

"Take care, Phil dear," I said, "that you are not going too far with Mr. Otway, to have conversed thus unreservedly with him."

She looked very much distressed, and said, "It would be such a relief to me, Doss, if I could open my mind to you." With what tenderness of tone she pronounced my pet name!

I could hardly refuse her confidence; but a kind of fear of papa and Hugh came over me, and I said, "No, Phil, not a word, if it is anything about Mr. Otway, but do not forget yourself, darling, and act in a clandestine and unseemly way."

She turned her head round, and buried her face in the pillow; and when her sobs allowed her to speak, she said, "I have such a burden here," and she put her hand on her heart.

I leaned over her, and kissed her, and begged her to tell all that troubled her to papa, who, I said, I was quite sure would never deal harshly with any of his children. She did not make any reply, but I thought she seemed soothed. Her weeping gradually ceased, and in a little time she was fast asleep, breathing gently as an infant.

The very day after this conversation with Phil, we were all busy with our needles in the Hall;

when mamma came in ; and I could perceive not only from her countenance, but from her very step, that she was unusually ruffled.

Scarcely was she seated on the sofa, but she called Phil an undutiful and ungrateful girl, and said that after all her care and concern for her, she had repaid her by throwing back at her, all her efforts for her happiness.

"What business had you, child," she said, "to refuse the Honorable Paul Gilpin, without any reference to me? You are headstrong and wilful, and I shall wash my hands of all interference with you and your concerns."

Phil never spoke a word, only bowed her head lower over her work than was her wont to do ; bowed it, till her soft, silken tresses fell on the delicate fabric on which she was engaged.

My mother seemed quite at fault. Phil's silence threw cold water on her impetuosity.

Hugh entered the room at this moment, and drawing a chair towards the table, sat facing the back of it, his arms leaning thereon. He knew he might join our family councils, just as if he were mamma's own son.

"Mr. Gilpin," she said to Phil, "is not only your equal, but in every way your superior." And then a sudden thought seemed to strike her, and she exclaimed, "I know what makes you refuse him ; it is your preference, or, rather, I should say, your fancied preference for that half-educated snob, Mr. Otway."

I felt my heart throb with excitement ; it was getting so like a scene in a novel, and Phil looked beautiful enough for any heroine.

"I solemnly declare," continued my mother, "you shall never disgrace our family by marrying a Kingston tradesman."

Hugh was frowning, and shaking his head at mamma, but she was too angry even to look at him.

"Speak, undutiful girl !" she cried, "and tell me why you refuse so good a man as Mr. Gilpin ?"

"You are so dreadfully unkind, mamma," Phil said, leaning forward and putting her elbows on the table, while she covered her face with her hands. "Why should you attack poor Mr. Otway, because I cannot like Mr. Gilpin well enough for a husband ?"

Here Hugh interfered with that peculiar gentleness of voice and manner, which was a weapon he was fond of using against the excited feelings of others. He said he wished mamma would speak more leniently of Mr. Otway.

Oh ! what a look Phil gave him as he said this ; it was a look of such sweet and innocent gratitude, that the flush deepened in his cheeks, by which I saw he was conscious of it as well as I ; but he continued speaking as though he had not observed it. "Mr. Otway is surely free to think, and act, and love as pleases him."

Now it was Phil's turn to blush, and the sweet, soft, pink hue mounted to her forehead.

"You forget, mamma," continued Hugh—and though his lips were grave, his eyes were laughing all the while—"you forget that Phil is not obliged to love Mr. Otway."

"You are taking the matter too lightly, Hugh," said my mother. "Mr. Otway is a low man, and I should not be surprised, if, at this moment, he and Philippa were acting in concert together, unknown to any of us."

Phil did not repel this charge, but rising from the table, swept out of the room.

Lucille gently remarked, she thought it a pity Mr. Otway's name was brought up at all.

"These have been my thoughts," said Hugh, "for the last ten minutes."

Mamma replied angrily, "Of course I am wrong, while Philippa is encouraged in all sorts of disobedience and undutifulness." So saying, she left the room, and we were quite unprepared for the scene that followed.

There was positively a scuffle between my mother and Phil; for, as I have before said, the walls separating the bedrooms from the Hall did not reach to the roof, and we could hear plainly even gently-spoken words in the bedroom.

"No, mamma, you shall not have my desk!" exclaimed Phil; "you have no right to take it."

Very hastily mamma crossed the piazza to papa's study who, at my mother's bidding, accompanied her to Phil's room.

"Give your mother that writing desk, immedi-

ately," said my father. Phil complied without a word.

"Ah! she has taken from it all she wanted, you may depend," said mamma, "and I don't thank her one bit, for her obedience now."

"Gently, gently," whispered my father, and taking my mother by the hand, he led her from the room.

When she took her seat on the sofa again, she was weeping, but softened.

"You must not be too hard upon her," my father said; "remember her youth and inexperience. It is not always the first man who seeks a girl that wins her. These young maidens are fastidious and fanciful; but I fairly believe she would never have had a passing preference for Mr. Otway, if you and Mrs. Holbrook had not so vehemently set your faces against him."

"There again," said my mother, "*I* am blamed. Of course it is all my fault, and this is the repayment I get for years of anxious love and care."

"I suppose Dorothy would have been full of freaks and fancies, if she had not been so closely guarded by you and Hugh, and then I should have had double blame."

"Ah me," she continued, pathetically, "none but a mother knows the heavy charge of grown-up daughters."

Hugh said, very cheerfully, that he had had some little experience that way, inasmuch as he had been considerably troubled with me during the sessions, and on more than one occasion, he declared that he

had had some difficulty to keep me from throwing myself into Mr. Otway's arms.

Even mamma laughed at this sally from Hugh, and then he followed papa into the piazza, where they were soon engaged in earnest conversation.

February 24th. I had not time to finish all I had to say to my Diary yesterday ; mamma called me away to give out the stores for her ; she was not feeling very well, and Lucille was busy setting in jars some ginger. The syrup is good and clear, and we bid fair to have a good supply for the next year.

I notice dear mamma's cheek is paler, and she looks harassed. She is much disappointed about Phil.

I must confess I do not think any of us sympathize with her as we ought to do in this matter.

She is very fond of Phil, who has ever been her pride, her darling, her pet, and she was pleased with Mr. Gilpin's attention to her favourite, simply because she felt he was a husband in every way suited to her child. It must therefore have been very trying to her to see Phil so set upon throwing herself away, for in this light she considers all thought of her union with Mr. Otway.

Fathers are never so careful or sensitive on the great question of the affections as mothers. It is not in their nature to be so, and I believe now, if mamma thought Phil really loved Mr. Otway, she would give up all opposition, but she declares there is no affection, either on one side or the other,

I cannot think she is right, though I do believe Phil is actuated as much by opposition as by love.

Well, I must go on with my story about Philippa. After all, papa might just as well have let me write a book, which was what I wanted to do.

A very long talk papa and Hugh had in the verandah. Mamma retired to her room, leaving Lucille and me at our work.

We were very silent, but poor Louey sighed heavily from time to time.

The sea-breeze was rushing over the sea and rioting among the shingles, as it has done for so many long years, and we could hear my father and Hugh still in converse, their voices now rising, now falling, and now lost altogether in the mighty wind.

Suddenly they came in to us, and my father asked Lucille if she thought there was any correspondence carried on between Phil and Mr. Otway.

In the clear depths of her earnest eyes you could see truthfulness written as she made answer, "Oh, no, I don't think there is anything of the kind; Phil would never deceive us all in that way."

It so happened when she said this, I durst not raise my eyes, for I strangely suspected Phil had heard from Mr. Otway; indeed, I was obliged to quibble with my conscience to keep myself from feeling that I was convinced of this, for I had seen Phil take a packet from the letter carrier, and it was only by crying out, "Oh, don't tell me, please Phil, don't," that I escaped from actual conviction on this subject.

Papa never would have observed my drooping looks, but Hugh, who is positively lynx-eyed, detected in a moment my blushing cheeks and bowed head, and said, somewhat quickly, "Doss, I think you are not altogether ignorant in this matter."

"It is very unkind of you, Hugh," I replied, "to take me to task, when my father does not; you have no business to question me."

"Doss, dear, you forget yourself," Lucille said, with an apprehensive pleading look; and papa very sharply said, "Hold your tongue, miss! and don't let me hear you speak again, till you can address my friend more becomingly. Things are come to a pretty pass with young maidens now-a-days. If you had lived in my grandmother's time, you would have had to dance attendance on your mother with a fan, instead of being allowed to enter into a discussion with your elders, and you would never have dared to speak till you were spoken to."

"What in the world is the matter with you all? Your mother is gone off in a huff; Phil is sobbing and wailing in her bed-chamber; and now, to crown all, you must needs be impertinent and offensive to Hugh!"

I felt my cheeks glowing with shame at being thus rebuked before him; but he very quietly said, "Dorothy would not be so ruffled did she not know I am right;" and he kept his steadfast gaze on me, which I could never long withstand.

"Phil did snatch a letter hastily from the post

boy," I said, "and she was on the point of telling me from whom it came, when I begged her not to do so. I put my hand on her lips and said 'For goodness' sake don't let me into your secret.' She was in no mood to stand parleying with me, and in another moment she was gone."

I felt compelled to make this statement, and I was relieved after having done so.

Father said bitterly, "To think I should live to be so deceived in my children!"

Lucille's sorrowful and innocent wonderment I shall never forget; and when Hugh, coming forward, said to my father, "Nay, you must not be too severe on Doss, for she has been very truthful in this matter," Louey burst into tears.

My father replied, "Doss is to blame, seriously to blame, inasmuch as it would have been very easy for her, living in the affectionate companionship that we do together, to tell me her fears concerning Phil. I did not think she would repay me for all my kindness to her in this way."

Whereupon I threw myself on my knees before him, and in an agony of tears sought his forgiveness.

I told him every word he said was true, that I had acted ungratefully and sinfully.

Then he bade me follow him into the library, and there he spoke to me in a way that he willed not any but himself should hear.

"Doss," he said, "you have erred greatly. You have not even the excuse to plead that Phil can bring forward, urged on as she was by her fancied

attachment to Mr. Otway, which I believe arose entirely from your mother's injudicious conduct concerning him. God forgive me for thus blaming her to her child ! But Mr. Paul Gilpin was pressed on Phil, and Mr. Otway came forward without any manœuvering at all. She knew your mother's prejudice against him, and this induced her to conceal her letters. But Doss, you should have spread the case before me, and asked me to remonstrate with your sister."

"I was afraid to do so, papa," I replied, "lest you should be angry with Phil."

"A pack of nonsense," exclaimed papa, in an exasperated tone, "am I such a bear, that you are afraid of me? Do I ever act in a ruffainly or brutal way to my children? That is a poor excuse to make, child, but I forgive you, my love," he said, with sudden gentleness, "as I hope God has forgiven me for many a sin of deeper dye than yours, that I have committed against Him. 'If ye forgive not from your heart, every man his brother his trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you.'"

Although my father did not, like aunt Ellie, carry the sense of religion with him into every-day life, yet on any great occasion he had recourse to it ; and when he made use of any Scripture quotation, I knew he was greatly affected.

My tears fall on the pages of my Diary, as I recall his forbearance and gentleness to me on this occasion.

How could I pain him as I have done ?

Father, I have sinned against thee. My temples throb ; I must away to bed. How distinctly I hear the sounding sea in this midnight silence. The waves, in their measured chime, seem to say, "Come unto me, I will give you rest." A strange fancy, but a consoling one. I suppose the thought suggests itself to me, because I am weary and heavy-laden.

February 25th. Had papa dealt angrily with Phil, I don't know what would have become of her, but the tenderly fatherly way in which he remonstrated with her has completely softened her spirit.

She has promised never more to correspond clandestinely with Mr. Otway, but she will not promise never to receive a letter from him, and father is satisfied with this.

There was quite a scene with mamma this morning. When she insisted that Phil should produce Mr. Otway's letters, papa interfered, and said that he would allow no such thing, that the man had written to her in confidence, and that what he said was sacred.

And then mamma answered angrily, that papa did not consider her at all in the matter, that he had no sympathy with her for the ungrateful way in which she had been treated ; and when my father exclaimed, "Lucia, Lucia, all this comes of manœuvring," she flew into a passion and left the room, declaring he was like all other men, tired

of the wife of twenty years, and entirely regardless of her feelings.

To say the truth, papa has been harsher with my mother in this matter than is his wont, but Phil's sweet face draws every one over to her side.

April 5th. I have been quite out of sorts with my Journal, and had serious thoughts of giving it up entirely; but this morning, when I saw the clasps glittering in the early sunbeams as it lay on my shelf, I recollected the kind and tender way in which my father had given the beautiful manuscript book to me; how he had charged me never, after a long silence, to be afraid of writing my thoughts again in it; and I was seized with remorse for having neglected my old friend, and determined penitently to renew my acquaintance with it this morning.

I have spent a restless, uneasy life during the last few weeks; dissatisfied with my own state of mind, and yet afraid to look into it. If there be no actual dissension among us, we are certainly standing in its shadow.

Phil is not like the same girl that she used to be. She is capricious and sullen, bursting occasionally into fits of merriment in which there is no gladness whatever. What pleases her at one time only vexes her at another; and she is so whimsical, I am not surprised mamma sets her face against humouring her.

Aunt Ellie says, papa's character has shone out in this trial; and it is really surprising, the *patient*,

cheerful way in which he deals with Phil's "moods,"—for this is our household name for the strange, sullen silence she will sometimes maintain for weeks, answering only when spoken to.

I can see papa is very much, though secretly, vexed at the way she goes on, but he will not allow this ; and Lucille said the other day, she was convinced it was trouble hidden in his heart which made him so unusually *captious* and *exacting* with his slaves, for he cannot open his mind to mamma on this subject.

Hugh is very dull and thoughtful. How silly they all were to joke me about him ; but my head was never turned by that nonsense. I always saw he did not care for me, and now I know he thoroughly dislikes me. Well, it is of no consequence to me. As Myrrha, our head washing-woman says, "If God Almighty only let you see star, no matter which way wind blow."

When I spoke in this way to Lucille, she said very gravely, "Only take care, Doss, that it is the Bright and Morning Star you make your guide ;" and then she added, "when you do love anyone, I hope papa will have more comfort in the matter than he has concerning Phil's partiality for Mr. Otway."

How is it that we all seem to consider papa's feelings in this matter so much more than those of my mother, and yet her whole life has been one of troubled concern for us. If we were of a right spirit, it would not be thus.

Louey is the best of us. Phil and I are not half so unselfish as she is—at least, we do not consider our parents as she does ; we expect all from them, and give nothing in return. Phil justifies her silent and repulsive manner towards them, on the plea that they are thwarting her wishes. And what if they are? Is it not for her good? I fear she is somewhat blinded by her own wilfulness.

Lucille says, "Poor Phil, there can be no happiness for her in the path she is pursuing."

Louey and aunt Ellie suit each other well. Mamma says Lou will be an old maid. If so, she will be a happy one.

The brightest time of my whole life was just after our accident at the gulley on our way home from the Sessions: everyone was so kind to me, and Hugh was like another being. I would have such an overthrow again for the same results.

April 14th. The packet has arrived, with very exciting news.

There is a rebellion in St. Domingo ; so much for the unsettled state of things in France. Living in the midst of slaves, as we do, it is but natural that we get uncomfortable and uneasy, lest our people, influenced by example, should turn their thoughts to revolt.

Papa looks very grave. He says things wear a serious aspect. He is obliged to go off to town, leaving Hugh in charge of us. I overheard him, as he talked with Hugh in the piazza this morning, saying, he had no fear of our people, but that the

Maroons were a turbulent set, and would enjoy nothing more than a rebellion. There are many of them hidden about in Clarendon, and this parish adjoins ours of St. Dorothy.

I have had a horror of the Maroons as long as I can remember.

We had an old nurse called "Wisdom," (by the bye, I think she must have been more than a hundred when she died,) and she used to dress me up a doll, and call it "Cudjoe." We never brought that doll into our plays, but used to look on it with a kind of fear, putting it always out of sight when we went to bed.

April 16th. Mamma is quite out of sorts. She says she never feels how necessary papa is to her, till he goes from her; and Hugh declares that all husbands should leave their wives sometimes, just to make themselves properly valued.

What a long evening we have had in the piazza. Hugh has been telling us the origin of the Maroons.

It seems, that when the English wrested our Island from the Spaniards, in 1665, the greater part of the inhabitants retired to the Island of Cuba; several of them, however, lingered behind; and our troops, not being sufficiently numerous to do more than occupy the principal towns on the south side of Jamaica, several of these Spanish families, who had not gone off to Cuba, made for themselves rude settlements in the remote and wooded parts of the northern side of this Island.

Their strongest town was Sevilla Nueva, which

rose to some consequence. It was about half a mile from St. Ann's Bay ; and Hugh said, that not long ago, when he was visiting an estate there, called Seville, he was shown by the overseer traces of a church, a convent, and some other buildings, lying in the sugar-fields.

The Spaniards who had been driven from Jamaica took up their abode on the south coast of Cuba, where, on a clear day, they could see the old place ; for Cuba is only twenty-four hours' sail from our coast.

I dare say they often talked together of the friends they had left behind them in Jamaica ; and so, in an evil hour, they determined to make an attack upon the island, and, if they could, to re-possess themselves of it.

Don Arnaldo di Sasi, the vanquished Spanish Governor, with five hundred of the men who had lived so happily under his administration in Jamaica, and a thousand troops from old Spain, landed at Rio Nuevo, to the east of Seville. Colonel Doyley, the English Governor, marched from Spanish Town, with a force of only two thousand five hundred men, attacked the enemy, and completely routed them. He would not take any prisoners, but compelled all who escaped with their lives, at least as many of them as he could catch, to return to Cuba.

A great many Spanish slaves were engaged in this battle, and when they found that their masters were being conquered, they ran from the field, and

concealed themselves in the woods and forests with which the northern parts of Jamaica abound.

Just as Hugh came to this part of his story, Phil exclaimed, "Oh! what cowards!"

"You must not be too hard on them, Phil," replied Hugh; "bravery is an attribute of the free, and cannot exist with thralldom such as theirs. Though a negro will be true and faithful to his master, and protect him in the hour of danger, he does it stealthily, and in the dark; he will steal off with him in the night, and lie in ambush with him throughout the day, but never, in the broad light of heaven, can he boldly meet his antagonist; fear and trembling are his habitual companions, and he cannot shake them off at will."

"I never thought of this before," Phil said; and after all they would be happier with the freedom they found in the woods, than if they had remained slaves of the conquerors."

Then Hugh went on with his story. He told us, that in a very little while these runaway slaves became a wild set of banditti, many of whom had a stronghold in the mountains of Clarendon.

Night was falling heavily round us in the piazza, as we sat together, listening to him, and the land-breeze was telling its dark secret to the large sand-box trees before us. The Clarendon mountains are not very far from our lowland estate, which is in St. Dorothy's; and Phil grew so nervous that she was continually interrupting Hugh in his narration.

Now she started, and declared that she heard people whispering and plotting mischief in the store-rooms below, and now she insisted that she could see the shadow of some one lurking among the orange trees at the western end of the piazza.

"Phil, dear Phil," I said, "what a silly girl you are! Do you think anyone would dare to molest us with Hugh here?"

"I must not, indeed, tell any more of my story, Phil," said Hugh, laughing, "if it frightens you so."

"Oh yes, you must, indeed you must!" I cried. "I am longing to know if these Spanish slaves who collected together in the mountains of Clarendon, are not the descendants of those very Maroons of whom you are speaking."

"Indeed they are," said Hugh. "They placed themselves under a chief named Juan di Bolas, and their system of plunder and massacre was frightful. They had strongholds, too, in the northern and eastern parts of the Island, where they committed many more depredations than in our Clarendon mountains; for the Governor pardoned most of the Clarendon rebels, who surrendered with a pretty good grace, on an acknowledgment of their freedom."

"However, many were so well pleased with their wild and lawless life in the woods, in the depths of which they could always find a secure retreat, that they took up their ground in the forest fastnesses, and have remained there to this day."

"The slave settlers in the mountains, I mean those negroes who by industry and perseverance

have been able to buy any ground for themselves, are sometimes now very much distressed by the predatory excursions of these Maroons. Only last year, in the immediate neighbourhood of your father's mountain estate in Clarendon, an old man had his pigs stolen, and his grandchild taken off."

Phil, to whom Hugh was particularly addressing himself, was positively ready to cry out from fright at this part of the story, and I saw mamma signalling him not to continue his account of the Maroons.

I see very clearly now why we are so fearful of anything like insurrection in our part of the Island. The Clarendon Maroons would join any rebels. As it is, our mountain slaves, when they are discontented, run away and join them.

They carry on a kind of guerilla warfare. They had never sufficient confidence in themselves to meet the enemy in open field, but they excelled in surprise and ambush.

A Maroon chief generally took his station in some glen or deep valley, which, like the pass of Thermopylæ, could only be entered by a very narrow defile.

These people were a difficult enemy to deal with ; and sometimes, when to all appearance they were utterly defeated, they would harass the apparently victorious army, and fire on them, lying covered all the while by the underwood, or concealing themselves behind massive rocks.

When we were little children, grandmamma used

to tell us frightful stories of Cudjoe the Maroon chief.

His head quarters were at Trelawney, and the number of runaway negroes he had collected around him is almost incredible.

We used to have a picture of him, and much to grandmamma's annoyance, it has been destroyed.

I recollect very well, he was represented as a short man, uncommonly stout, with very strong African features, and a peculiarly wild expression of countenance.

Grandmamma says he had a huge lump of flesh on his back, the size of a pumpkin. This was partially covered by the tattered remains of an old blue coat, which had neither skirts nor sleeves; and round his hat was tied a piece of filthy white cloth. His loose drawers did not reach his knees, and the rim of his hat being entirely cut off, gave it very much the appearance of a calabash. At his right side hung a cow's horn, and at his left he wore a mushat or couteau, three inches broad.

However, Colonel Guthrie at length negotiated a treaty of peace with this terrible man; and all the solemnities attending this capitulation were executed under a large cotton tree, growing in the middle of the town of Trelawney.

To this day, Hugh says, it is called Cudjoe's tree, and the gnarled trunk is held in great veneration.

April 16th. Papa has returned, and we are all so thankful to have him with us again.

What would he think of my journal, if he were to peep into it! It is half novel, half history—a kind of attempt at writing a book.

Dull and monotonous as its pages are, and though I desist from time to time to write the events of the day, I am still increasingly interested about these records. Papa was right when he said this journal would be not only an amusement, but a solace to me.

My dear father tells me it is such a pleasure to him to be welcomed home as he is, only he does not like Phil's haggard looks.

Her cheeks used to be so prettily rounded, and now they are so sunken. I do not think any correspondence has passed between her and Mr. Otway lately.

A petition has been sent to the British government, signed by the whole body of planters in Jamaica, begging them to send out an armament and take possession of St. Domingo.

My father and Hugh are always talking politics now. I can see they are both uneasy, though they do not like to speak of danger to us.

May 2nd. I believe Phil is nearer to mamma's heart than any one of us.

I wrong my mother very often, and think too harshly of her when she is irritable and chafed by vexation. As aunt Ellie says, only God can fathom the depths of the well of tenderness lying in a mother's heart; and if mamma is somewhat pettish and snappish when we do not follow her

bidding about love matters, we ought to remember that in all she does, she is but endeavouring to promote our welfare; and though Phil frets a good deal at what she calls mamma's cross manner, she says she gets more comfort from her than from any one of us.

I could not help thinking, as she spoke, of what One greater than we are said to His sorrowing children, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

May 10th. Phil has had intermittent fever.

Mamma thinks this comes from over-exertion, and from being out too late at night at this time of the year, when the rainy season is approaching; and Phil has taken lately to roaming long after dew-fall among the orange trees, without so much as a handkerchief on her head.

She is going off to-morrow with mamma to Port Henderson, which is, comparatively speaking, a new coast town.

Some few years ago, one Mr. Henderson, at a very great expense, built a wharf and a few houses on the north-eastern side of Salt-pond Hill, under cover of the "Twelve Apostle Battery." It is now called Port Henderson, and is a rising place. Invalids from Spanish Town frequently resort there.

The site of the village is well chosen, the depth of water in the harbour admitting ships of burthen very near to the wharf. Papa considers, that in a very short time it will quite supersede Passage

Fort, and be the fashionable Barquedier for Port Royal.

May 15th. Lucille and I only spent a week with mamma and Phil at Port Henderson, and then Hugh came and took us up to grandmamma's; for my father declares it will not do, in these times, to let us travel without proper escort.

I should have liked to have remained with Phil. It was so pleasant in the evening to look on the silvery sea, and watch the throbbing of its great heart, as it communed with night.

“The moon, full-orbed, forsakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave ;
The snowy splendours of her modest ray
Stream o'er the liquid wave, and glittering play ;
The mast's tall shadows tremble in the deep,
And peaceful winds a holy silence keep.”

But mamma thinks she is better without me just now, and declares it to be her conviction that Phil and I have private and confidential talks about Mr. Otway ; she will not believe that his name is never mentioned by either of us.

Papa says this is one of the worst signs of the business ; that if Phil had no burden on her heart, she would naturally speak of him to her young sisters.

Grandmamma says, it is wrong of my mother to let Mr. Paul Gilpin visit at Port Henderson, but my mother thinks such a notion stiff and old-fashioned ; and she says aunt Ellie would have married long ago, if it had not been for my grandmother's prudery.

I am inclined to think she does not know, as I do, of the death of aunt Ellie's true love. Besides, I cannot believe, as mamma seems to do, that marrying is the only true good in life. I suppose this persuasion arises from the fact of her own married life having been so happy.

But surely it is far better to remain single, than to risk uniting yourself to a man of tastes and dispositions uncongenial to your own.

Aunt Ellie is of opinion, that if you are one in faith and prayer, you cannot go very far wrong in marrying ; but how can a girl know anything of the tone of feeling or principles of a man to whom she is hastily introduced at a ball-room ? and though Phil knows but little of Mr. Otway, she scarcely knows more of the Honorable Paul Gilpin, to whom mamma would gladly see her married to-morrow.

Phil takes Mr. Gilpin's visits very quietly ; he gets disconcerted at her coolness.

It is a pleasant, shadowy hall at the lodging-house at Port Henderson. From the windows we look at Port Royal, lying dreamily in the distance. And a very pretty sight it is in the early morning, to watch the wherries, with their tilts and awnings, setting off for Kingston. They ply backwards and forwards every day in the week ; but they start early, that they may catch the remains of the land-breeze, which is in their favour ; and on their return, they are generally blown forward with very considerable force by the sea-breeze.

May 25th. It is impossible to be dull with aunt Ellie and grandmamma. There is always something going on interesting and amusing. Quiet as it appears, with the duties of one day so much like those of another, that it needs a little reflection to call to mind the precise day of the week, there is, nevertheless, something I cannot by words describe, pervading this monotony ; in fact, changing its nature into that of peaceful contentment.

Aunt Ellie is of a grateful, thankful disposition, always ministering to the comfort of others, and deriving, from so doing, the purest satisfaction.

Yesterday, when I asked her how she managed to keep alive within her this spirit of gladness, she looked gravely and very tenderly at grandmamma. And this was a most satisfactory reply ; for when I considered how that poor sightless face was ever turned towards her child, when I reflected how that poor blind lady hung on her daughter's words, how they gladdened her spirit as the sunbeams gladden the face of nature, when I considered how aunt Ellie's breath on her cheek was as the smile of love to our sight, I no longer marvelled that my aunt's sense of dullness was lost, in the pleasant and continual employment which this affectionate attendance provided for her.

There is in aunt Ellie no kind of regret that the brightest time of her life has passed away without her having, on the flowing tide of circumstances, secured a husband.

There is certainly no feeling of disappointment,

which she half manages to conceal, peeping out at unguarded moments. Within her spirit reigns habitually the great peace which God gives to those who love Him ; and when she is excited in feeling, and ruffled, and discomposed, it is for others, and not for herself.

She spoke unreservedly to Louey and to me of mamma's uneasiness concerning Phil, in whose manner and conduct she thinks there is something unnatural, as if she were acting in a way of which her conscience disapproved.

"I hold it to be very wrong," she said, "to joke young girls about every man who is attentive to them ; it often destroys the genuineness and simplicity of their intercourse with the other sex ; but Phil was led on into her partiality for Mr. Otway by nothing of this kind ; nay, Doss would have got into the same scrape, if Phil's power of attraction had been less."

Aunt Ellie did not see Hugh, who had noiselessly come into the piazza while she was speaking, and who, catching her last words, threw towards me a look, which it was hard to bear.

It was no use wishing those words unspoken, and it was no use being ashamed of myself, so I assumed a bravado kind of manner, and tried by so doing to throw from me his grave looks.

I praised Mr. Otway unboundedly, laying great stress on the sweetness of expression which I insisted lighted up his countenance, but which I believe none other than myself ever pretended to

see. "He was quite as much a gentleman," I declared, "as that haughty Mr. Paul Gilpin, or that cringing Mr. Chalice.

To the best of my belief no one had ever said to the contrary in my hearing, but it was a pleasure to me to defend him on the point on which my own mind told me he was wanting. It was not till Hugh coolly asked me with whom I was arguing, that the thought occurred to me, I had, as it were, placed my prisoner in the box when no court was sitting, and was defending him against a charge which had never been brought against him.

Aunt Ellie saw my confusion, and with her usual kindness covered it, by carrying on, in her quiet, sensible way, the conversation about Mr. Otway.

"He may be a good man," she said, "though there is, in my opinion, some shadow resting on his character, from the circumstance of his having entered into a clandestine correspondence with Phil; but his tastes, and feelings, and principles have ripened into maturity under very different influences from those surrounding your sister; his education, his associates, all have been different from hers, and it is folly to suppose they can be happy in each other."

And then Hugh put in a word, and said, that what made the matter still more to be lamented, was, that Phil did not really care for Mr. Otway.

"How can you say so, Hugh?" I exclaimed.

"Do you think she would droop and be ill if her mind were at ease?"

"Ah! there you have the right word," he said, taking me up sharply, "it is her *mind* that troubles her—her *heart* is free.

"She is aware that she is actuated by a strong love of opposition, though only to her innermost self she acknowledges this; not that she has purposely deceived Mr. Otway, far from it; but he follows up so closely any advantage which in her simplicity she gives him, that the skein, unconsciously to herself, becomes more and more tangled about her."

Then Louey said, gently, that she agreed with Hugh to the very letter; and truly any man might have been pleased with the approving smile which she turned towards him; it was no marvel that he brightened up in the sunshine of that look.

Hugh, as I have noted before, in my journal, is very handsome, in a bold style of manly beauty, which is to young girls in general exceedingly attractive.

As he stood by Louey now, with the clear, dark flush deepened on his cheek, and the light sparkling in his eyes which he had taken from her sweet approval, I thought to myself, what a couple they would make; there could be no fear that their feelings and habits would not dove-tail together.

When I expressed this opinion afterwards to aunt Ellie, she smiled gravely, and shook her head, and said, "You are right, Doss, and yet you are

not right. How can I explain this seeming paradox? There are certainly many things in common between them: their tastes in literature, their appreciation of the beautiful, nay, more, there is unison in the religious tone of their minds; yet, depend upon it, there is something so finely and delicately spiritual as to be invisible to us, separating them; something which, though they cannot themselves perceive, and which, if they could, it would be difficult to name, which forms a barrier between them.

"I have often thought, myself, Doss, how marvellous it was they were not more to each other; but it is a comfort to feel that all these secret springs of action, these feelings hidden from man, are under His guidance and control, without whose permission not even a sparrow falleth to the ground.

"A wonderful and incomprehensible thing is this human heart of ours," continued aunt Ellie.

Oh! I knew what she was going to say, and the hot blood rushed to my temples; I knew it from the look that shone out in her eyes as she spoke.

"How Hugh can bear with you, Doss, and give you a higher place in his affections than Louey, I cannot conceive. You do not know him as you ought—as Louey does; you are wilful and impetuous; nay, forgive me, Doss, I must say it, you are impertinent to Hugh Granville, who has a claim on your respect, and, to a certain extent, on your regard."

"It is all very well, aunt Ellie," I said, "for you

to make these charges against me, but you don't know how irritable and unkind Hugh is to me. He takes me up so shortly, and reproves me so bitterly, I can hardly endure it."

"And yet, Doss," she replied, "he was pained and wounded yesterday at the manner in which you conducted yourself towards him. You speak and act too hastily, my child. Commune with your spirit and be still. Consider how unbecoming your extreme youthfulness is in connexion with the style of manner you have assumed to your father's friend. Take heed, lest you are throwing a gem on the waters which you will not find again on the ruffled life-voyage."

I was affected even to tears, and most strenuously asserted that Hugh did not care for me; that I had had opportunities of forming a correct judgment on this matter, and I declared that aunt Ellie did not know the disagreeable way in which he behaved to me.

My aunt looked earnestly at me for a moment, and then pushing my curls off my forehead, and passing her hand tenderly over my cheek, she said, "I wish, my love, you would distrust yourself a little more, and seek wisdom from One who giveth liberally, upbraiding not. The meek and lowly spirit is the one on which the great Redeemer looks with pleasure; and depend upon it, my child, we can never meet the passing trials of life hopefully, or derive any pure satisfaction from the many enjoyable things scattered about our way, till we

feel our own helplessness, and lead a life of constant and simple reliance on Christ Jesus."

June 20th. Phil and mamma have returned home, and Louey is gone to meet them.

Papa said I must stay with grandmamma and aunt Ellie for the present, as mamma thought Phil and I had better not be together just now.

It was all very well staying with aunt Ellie; and under any other circumstances it would have delighted me to do so; but I could not reconcile myself to the idea of being thus unjustly treated; for in this light I considered mamma's conduct towards me. I declared she never liked me, and I said she was glad of any excuse that kept me from her presence. I really was quite beside myself with anger at the thought of being regarded with suspicion by my parents.

Papa took me to task, and said, he would not permit me in his presence to speak so unbecomingly and undutifully of my mother; that he had no doubt but she had good reasons for the line of conduct she was pursuing, and that he grieved to see how little concern I had for the anxieties and distresses of those who should be dearest to me on earth.

I love papa with all my heart. I would lay down my life for him, and the reproof he gave me to-day entered my soul.

July 1st. All this week they have been gathering the tamarinds. Grandmamma said they were over-ripe, they broke so very easily at the touch. They

are all cleared from the shelly fragments of the pod, and are placed in casks ready to be taken off to the works on our estate, where some of the liquid sugar, well clarified with eggs, will be poured on them. We are noted all round the country for the clear, transparent syrup of our tamarinds.

It is a pleasant, cool drink, especially when some of the pulp is preserved with the fruit. Grand-mamma enjoys a draught of it very much during the hot afternoon.

July 6th. I have nothing to put down in my journal, and yet conscience tells me that I might note much from aunt Ellie's conversation that might be profitable to me at a future day; but a feeling of sullenness and discontent is battling with this faithful monitor, and even aunt Ellie's sweet converse has lost much of its charm to me.

The negroes have a saying among them—"When poor slave look through smoke-glass, it no God Almighty's fault that Him world look dingy." The change is not in aunt Ellie, but in me. I am looking at everything through a dingy medium just now. When the smoke of discontent clears away, grandmamma's home will be bright again.

Hugh came in for an hour or two this afternoon. He has brought me some very fine French cambric muslin, which he has purchased in Kingston, and he says I must make him some ruffles, and some ruffs for his shirts. I am so glad he thinks I can do them nicely.

Although I never applied to needlework as

closely as Louey did, mamma took care that all her girls should be neat seamstresses. I marvel that Hugh knew how to buy such good cambric.

Grandmamma has not tea, but such delicious coffee at four o'clock, and then we have with it cassada, toasted and buttered, guava jelly, and bananas, or some other mild and cooling fruit.

There is a legend among the negroes that our first parents wove their aprons from the broad and silken leaf of the banana tree, and the Spaniards look on this fruit with a kind of reverence, from the conceit they have, that when cut directly across, the form of a cross appears in the middle. On this account they will never use a knife to the banana, but always break it.

This evening grandmamma told us all about the earthquake at Port Royal, which I scarcely think she would have been inclined to do if Hugh had not been here. She does not like to refuse his request, for she loves him as if he were her own child.

Aunt Ellie thinks he had an eye for my amusement when he called for this story, but he seemed to enjoy it quite as much as I did.

It was specially interesting to me to hear about that earthquake, for while we were staying at Port Henderson, we had gone over to Port Royal, and taken second breakfast on board the "Mellifluent," with Captain Vernon.

It was a very clear day. The waters mirrored the deep blue heaven above them; and Mr. Paul

Gilpin, who was with us, pointed out something dark lying far down in the deep, which he said was a part of the tops of the sunken houses, that for more than a hundred years had been lying there.

One can scarcely be surprised that the inhabitants of Port Royal looked upon this catastrophe as a token of the special anger of God against that guilty town ; so that those whose lives were spared should be affrighted, and give glory to the God of heaven ; for the buccaneers of that time made Port Royal their head-quarters, in which they stored the booty of their lawless piracy.

July 7th. When Venables took the Island of Jamaica, Port Royal was joined to the Palisadoes only by a ridge of sand, which at that time was just beginning to appear above water ; for seventeen years before, when Jackson invaded St. Jago de la Vega, Port Royal was in no way connected with the Palisadoes ; and on this sandy isthmus, to which the sea had so recently given birth, the principal part of the town of Port Royal now lay ; that is to say, large brick store-houses and heavy wharfs ; whole streets of such buildings as these running along the uncertain and treacherous sand-bank.

The seventh of June in that year, which proved so fatal to Port Royal, was clear and cloudless. The air seemed sleeping, for not the slightest breeze disturbed the cocoa-nut trees that fringed the shore. It was nearly mid-day, and the inhabitants were busy with their merchandise—I must

call it their guilty merchandise, for the lawless and piratical way in which the town had become possessed of its treasures made all its traffic sinful.

At about twelve o'clock, though grandmamma says she believes it was a little before mid-day, a curious rumbling noise was heard. Men stopped in the calculation of their gains, and said one to another, "What is this?" One moment more, and the earth trembled at the displeasure of the Lord. The Almighty, weary of any longer forbearance, threw the waters from the hollow of His hand, and in a few seconds, over this grand treasury of spoil, over stores of silks, and linens, and laces, and jewels, and gold, and silver, the wide sea rolled with its voice of many waters, taking no heed of life, or death, of human love, or hope; of fear, or anguish, or despair.

About two thousand persons perished in the destruction of that part of the town; but the fort, and all the houses which were founded on the rocky part of the peninsula, were not overthrown.

I am writing this account of the earthquake from the memory of what grandmamma told me yesterday, and I think I am pretty correct as far as transcribing goes, for I remember every word she said.

It is not possible to forget very soon this sad story.

A terrible scene it was. The earth was rent asunder like paper, and whole streets were swallowed up in the yawning gulf. Many persons thus

buried were suddenly thrown out again, some dying and some quite dead. Mr. Geddes, a man of some note in the Island of Jamaica, was disentombed from this storm-wrought sepulchre perfectly uninjured. Many were swallowed up to the neck in the earth, and killed by its closing on them.

It was an awful sight. Although there was not one breath of wind, the sea in its strength broke the cables of large ships, drove some from their anchorage, and overturned others.

Hugh said it was as if the Almighty meant the inhabitants of that town to see, by the calmness of His power, more plainly than they might have done in the storm-wind, His avenging hand.

And when I come to consider of the matter, no one in allusion to this earthquake ever talks of the state of the weather, or of any presages of this great convulsion of nature. From one generation to another the silent conviction passed, "It is the Lord."

The "Swan" frigate, at the time of this disaster, was lying close to the wharf, and was forced by the sea over the tops of the sunken houses, and some hundreds of persons clambering on it were preserved from death.

Grandmamma said we might form some idea of the strength of the sea, from the circumstance of its having forced a passage through Salt-pond Hill, and gushing in strength from its side, at an elevation of more than thirty feet from its base.

The earth, too, was exceedingly shaken ; the

mountains in some parts of the island sunk several feet into the earth ; and in Spanish Town, the old cathedral fell, while of the houses, only those built by the Spaniards remained standing.

Hugh considers that the English always build too substantially for this climate ; that they will make all the lower parts of their houses of brick, while the Spaniards and French are content with wood.

Grandmamma has such a precious relic of this old time. It is a letter which her mother received from her cousin, a clergyman, who was, at the time of the earthquake, rector of Port Royal.

It seems strange to take a letter from one's desk with its date a hundred years behind us. As grandmamma has kindly lent me the precious writing, that I may copy it in my Diary, I think I must do so to-night, lest any mischance befall it.

It is brown and sea-stained, but legible throughout.

EXTRACTS FROM THE OLD LETTER.

"I had been at church, reading prayers, which I did every day since I was rector of Port Royal, to keep up some show of religion among a most ungodly and debauched people. I was gone to a place hard by the church, where the merchants used to meet, and where the President of the Council lived,—who was now Chief, till we had a new Governor,—who came into my company, and engaged me to drink a glass of wormwood with him as a whet before dinner.

"He being my very great friend, I sat with him ; upon which he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long a taking ; and not being willing to leave him until it was

out, he detained me from going to dinner to one Captain Roden, where I was to dine ; and who, upon the first eruption, was sunk into the earth, and then into the sea, with his wife and family ; and had I gone to dine with him I had been lost.

“ But to return to the President and his pipe of tobacco. Before it was out, I found the ground reeling and moving under my feet ; upon which I said to him, ‘ What is this, sir ? ’ ‘ It is only an earthquake,’ he replied, in the coolest manner possible ; but the next moment, with a tremendous crash, the church tower fell down, on which we ran out into the street, where I lost him, and made towards Morgan’s Penn ; it being an open place, I thought to be secured from the falling houses. As I made towards it, I saw the earth open and swallow up multitudes of people ; and the sea, mountains high, rushed in over the fortifications.

“ I then laid aside all thoughts of escaping, and resolved to make towards my own lodging, there to meet death in as good a posture as I could.

“ From the place where I was, I was forced to cross and run through two or three narrow streets ; the houses and walls fell on each side of me, the bricks came rolling to my feet, but none hurt me. When I came to my lodgings, I found all things in the same order as when I left them, not a picture being out of its place.

“ I went to the balcony to view the street in which the house stood, and saw never a house-door broken, nor the ground so much as cracked. The people, seeing me there, cried out to me to come and pray with them. When I came into the street, everyone laid hold of my clothes, and embraced me through fear and kindness. I was almost stifled, and persuaded them at last to make a large ring and kneel down.

“ I prayed with them near an hour, when I was almost faint from the heat of the sun and from exercise.

“ They then brought me a chair, the earth working all the while with slow motion, like the rolling of the sea ; insomuch

that when I was at prayer I could hardly keep myself upon my knees.

"One noted town, St. Jago de la Vega, or Spanish Town, is utterly down to the ground, with its church devoured in the same ruins.

"Our magazine and only store-house of Port Royal is three parts swallowed up in the sea, ships and shallops now riding at anchor where great numbers of fine fabrics have been not long since.

Many very eminent merchants, before worth thousands, are now worth scarce more than the linen on their backs; several are dead, either overwhelmed with their houses, or drowned in the sea which flowed in suddenly upon them.

"A whole street, which we call the wharf, where most of the noted merchants lived, and where much of the planters' goods was landed, more especially sugar and cotton, sunk at once, from one end to the other, with a general crack, at the very beginning of the earthquake, together with two forts, guns, &c., built thereupon; and what is more dreadful, all those poor wretches perished, who were either upon or nigh it, without any warning; and presently after this, whilst the people were in the greatest horror and consternation, neither having time to fly, nor thoughts where to fly for safety, two or three more streets in their whole length tottered and fell, and were immediately sunk, land and all, deep into the sea.

"Immediately upon the cessation of the earthquake, your heart would abhor to hear of the depredations, robberies, and violences, that were in an instant committed upon the place by the vilest and basest of the people. No man could call anything his own, for they that were strongest and most wicked seized what they pleased, and whose they pleased, and where they pleased, without any regard to propriety. Gold and silver, jewels, plate, and goods, all were their own, that they could or would lay hands on. Nothing but breaking open of houses, rushing into shops, and taking what they

pleased before the owners' faces, forcing money from people in the open streets, as they were carrying it along to a place of safety, succeeded the horrors of this dreadful time, while others, in canoes, wherries, ship boats, &c., were plundering chests and boxes of what they could find upon the water."

I really am so tired, I hardly know what I am writing; so good night to my journal—my patient, faithful old journal!

July 10th. We have had such solemn, yet happy music to-night. Grandmamma performed so sweetly and tenderly on the organ; and the wind, as it sighed over the wild cinnamon trees, kept in unison with the chords. Hugh sang with aunt Ellie, whose voice is not strong, but sweet exceedingly. Hugh's voice has plenty of music in it, as much when he speaks as when he sings.

I remember every word of the hymn. It made such an impression on me, as being connected with the earthquake.

"We do not fear, dear God, we do not fear,
 Whilst Thy sweet love is bound
Around our hearts. If we can feel Thee near,
 What matters trembling ground,
 Or sullen earthquake sound,
Or the dull moan of waters that we hear?

"For God is in our midst. Our hearts are brave,
 Although the mountains fall
With sudden crash into the boiling wave.
 On Christ, our strength, we call,
On Him, the Unchanging One, our hope, our all,
Jesus, the merciful, the strong to save!

“O hapless town ! amid the sinful there,
Some loyal to their King—
The King of kings—shone out like gems most rare
In that dire suffering ;
And called aloud, if haply they might bring
One soul to Christ, the Comforter, through prayer.

“Stay Thy avenging hand, for ten there be
Who meekly serve Thee, God ;
Ten who to cursed gold bend not the knee ;
Stay Thy chastising rod !
Lowly they fall upon the quivering sod,
And worship only Thee !”

I have been writing my journal at the cool end of the piazza, and I told Hugh, who was reading near me, that I had a fancy to transcribe the hymn ; and so when I was in doubt for the right word, he helped me with it.

How pleasant Hugh is at times ! I think he possesses something of aunt Ellie's good influence ; for when he is in a truly kind mood, there is much that is profitable and instructive in his discourse.

I will try to be more worthy of him.

What am I writing ? Nay ! be quiet, impetuous fingers ; my pen shall not erase the line.

I will try and so conduct myself that the disapproving frown shall less frequently pass over his brow. Ah me ! I am afraid I shall not succeed. His standard of excellence is too high for me.

One hears a great many secrets in these Jamaica houses, and the most curious thing is, that we never grow cautious.

I heard Hugh tell grandmamma that I had a

more affectionate heart than anyone in our family. How can he think so! I, who am always surly and disagreeable towards him. Yet he is not, after all, very far wrong. If ever I am fortunate enough to possess the love of a worthy man, I will pour out my whole heart in ardent love, and duty, and devotion towards him!

What a strange mood I am in this morning! Never mind, Diary. You and I are confidential friends. Only I wish you were not so silent, but that you would sometimes reply to my musings.

August 23rd. Although very happy with aunt Ellie, I am beginning to chafe and fret very much at the idea of being compelled to remain here, *nolens volens*. Why am I separated from Phil? What have I done to be banished from my sisters?

Aunt Ellie told me last night, that I was altogether unreasonable in my judgment of mamma's conduct, and that I should have no peace till I sought from my Heavenly Father the sweet spirit of contentment.

September 1st. Here I am at home again, with sorrow all around me.

One evening last week, papa was overtaken by sudden faintness, when he was without any of us at home. He fell senseless in the piazza, in a kind of fit, which old Princess, a negro nurse that we always have at the "Great House" in time of sickness, and who in her simple way knows a good deal about disease, declares to be something of an apoplectic seizure.

London, our valet, ran off for me ; and when I arrived, I found the doctor with him, and Hugh too.

My poor father is much exhausted ; and what makes me very uneasy, is the doctor's fear that it is disease of the heart, which is hereditary, my grandfather and great-grandfather having been carried off by that malady. However, every disease of a fatal nature brings with it the same cause of anxiety. It is the dread lest death should gain the mastery that fills my heart with fear and sorrow.

September 2nd. I have been all night at papa's bedside.

I cannot at present draw any comfort from those words, "Grave, where is thy victory?"

It seems to me that even a passing fear of letting the hard, dull, earth shut out my dear father from us, fills our eyes with tears, and our hearts with sadness. I expressed this thought to Hugh, who always lays aside his distant manner, and becomes very approachable when distress or illness is upon us, and he said I must wait for that little "*then*" which was standing at the end of a long avenue of years ; that God would give me strength to do so patiently and hopefully if I asked Him.

"What do you mean, Hugh?" I said ; "you always will speak in enigmas."

He smiled gravely. A very, very serious, yet a hopeful look shone in his eyes, as he said, "*Then* shall be brought to pass the saying which is written,

‘Death is swallowed up in victory ;’ but I trust,” he continued, putting his hand tenderly on my shoulder as he spoke, “I trust death will have nothing to do with our present sorrow.”

It is worth going through some anxiety to have Hugh in his present mind ; at all events, I can bear sorrow more quietly when thus he sustains me.

How is it he so seldom speaks of religion ? I am sure it is lying deep down in his heart.

Aunt Ellie says, the flint has been struck, and the spark is smouldering, but that God’s time is not yet come for the blaze.

Just now papa is sleeping calmly, and I am writing at his bedside. How few are blessed with such a tender parent as I am !

He breathes gently, but his cheeks are pale and sunken, and there is a care-worn look about his mouth which I have never noticed before. Oh ! I will not again oppose his wishes. I will endeavour to be a more dutiful, a more grateful child.

How attentive Princess is to him ! Even while he sleeps, she never takes her eyes from his face ; and she is one of those persons who is never more in her element than when in the atmosphere of a sick room.

Papa wakes. I must bathe his temples with Eau de Cologne, while Princess fans them. This continued fanning answers a double purpose : it not only cools him, but keeps off the mosquitos.

September 3rd. Mamma is overcome by sorrow.

It is on these occasions that the beautiful part of her character shines out. She is all tenderness and devotion. No marvel that the Scripture speaks of affliction as a refiner.

Nay, papa took hold of her chin last evening, a habit with him expressive of great tenderness of feeling, and said playfully,

“O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !”

All the little *désagrémens* with her children are forgotten, and as I watch with her by papa's side, we are bound together by our common grief.

How little allowance I make for the trials she has with her children ! It cannot be very pleasant for her to see Phil, the darling of her heart, bent on marrying a man who can never, I fear, make her happy.

Mamma says Phil has never been accustomed to associate with men in his rank of life ; that she does not care for money as regards husbands for her daughters, but that she had rather see her child die than married to an underbred or unrefined man. I am sure, if papa heard her saying all this, he would tell her she was going a little too far.

September 4th. I did not leave mamma long alone in her watch by my father last night. When I did lie down, I was so troubled and fretted in my mind, I could not sleep.

I heard papa say, "Lucia, I had a dream. I thought Doss was married here at my bed-side to Hugh Granville, and I was so vexed on awaking to find it *only* a dream. We should then at all events have one child safely sheltered from the buffetings and jarrings of life."

"Hush, hush, dearest," she said, "Doss will hear you, and then there will be an end to all our hopes for her. I don't think she is altogether indifferent to Hugh from the way in which she shrinks from him."

What *shall* I do! I feel as if I could never see Hugh again. I hope he does not think I care about him; but if my parents are of this opinion, perhaps he may be too.

However, I must not be too distant towards him. My best way is to appear quite unconcerned when I see him. How I pity my mother! Deeply am I to blame. How thoughtless I have been for all her love and concern for us. How harassed and tried she is; and how blessed are we in being the objects of such careful love, if we would only understand it as we ought.

It is only Phil and I who are such troublesome children—Louey is a real comfort to our mother.

September 20th. Well, we are all together again. Papa seems quite himself, and mamma has made Phil promise that she will never speak of Mr. Otway to me. I cannot help feeling she is not wise in putting this restriction on Philippa.

The struggle she has to maintain continual

silence on this topic when with me, invests her solitary musings about Mr. Otway with a degree of heroism and interest which does not really belong to them. If mamma gave her leave to express herself freely and naturally to me, the whole matter would be much more likely to subside into something commonplace.

But I am writing as if, like my mother, I had a life's experience behind me; only I heard papa say, that if Mr. Otway were a constant visitor here, Phil would soon get tired of him. "Only let him dangle after her," he said, "for three or four weeks, all opposition to their being in each other's society being put aside, and Phil would be the first of us to wish him away."

I believe we do not know our own minds for many hours together; and as for our lovings and hatings, we are quite in the dark about them. One far wiser than we are, and who knew what was in man, said, when speaking of the human heart, "Who can know it?"

Sometimes I like Hugh much, but this is generally when he is away from me; though I must confess should always enjoy his society, if I could divest myself of the idea that he pities and almost despises me.

When I thought it was a pleasure to him to be with me, the hours passed very happily; and what I have said before on these pages, I say again now, that the time of my accident at the gully, when all Hugh's distant and repulsive manner passed away,

and he was kind to me as to my sisters, this time, I say, was the very happiest of my whole life.

October 13th. We shall have no Session gaities this year. and they have been put an end to in a way we little thought of.

Lord Effingham has just heard of the death of his wife. Poor lady! she died on board the "Diana," as she was returning from her cruise. He was deeply attached to her, and they say will be quite unfit for some time to attend to public business.

The meeting of the House of Assembly is postponed till after the funeral.

Lady Effingham is lying in state in that very ball-room where we were so happy last year. Papa is going up to the funeral. The whole House of Assembly attends in procession.

October 16th. Mamma is not easy about my father, and I saw she was very glad when Hugh insisted on going with him to Spanish Town.

He looks paler, and seems more weary with a little exertion than he used to be.

October 20th. We were very sad whilst papa was away. It is so pleasant to hear him walking up and down the piazza, and talking to Hugh about politics. The question of the abolition of the slave traffic was again to be brought before the House of Commons, and papa thinks it is dangerous to have any stir about slavery at such a time, when France is on the eve of throwing off monarchy, when England is ready for revolt, when

the inhabitants of an island lying, as one might say, alongside of us, are almost in open rebellion.

My father considers, the very fact of such a question being mooted in the House of Commons is sapping our colonial security at its foundations.

Good old Mr. Venn, of Huddersfield, had written to aunt Ellie, saying how he blessed God that the wrongs of injured Africa seemed to have come up in remembrance before Him.

Mr. Wilberforce is first and foremost in this parliamentary contention, and is very eloquent on the subject—aunt Ellie says, with that kind of eloquence a man has when his soul speaks.

Papa has been reading to us a speech he made in the house. My mother insists that he speaks impulsively, and from feeling; that he knows nothing of the real state of things in the West Indian colonies.

Papa does not say much, but looks uneasy; and Hugh declares boldly enough that truth is stamped on every line of Mr. Wilberforce's speech; that slavery is certainly opposed to the genius and spirit of the Gospel, which tends to unite all mankind in the bonds and fellowship of love; and when mamma expressed it as her conviction that slaves had been allowed from time immemorial, the Israelites holding them under the very command of the Almighty, he quoted that passage from Deuteronomy—"In the seventh year thou shalt let him go free from thee, and when thou sendest him out free from thee, thou shalt not let him go away empty."

I don't know what mamma thought of this. She made no direct reply. I rather think she was afraid of having any argument from which the negroes might draw some notion that we were thinking and talking of their freedom.

October 23rd. Aunt Ellie spent all the morning with us. Dear soul! she came full of importance, to read to us her letter from Mr. Venn.

This old gentleman is a great friend of one William Cowper, a man of great learning, and of most elegant mind and fancy.

He is, indeed, no common poet. He has just finished a translation of Homer, which they say bids fair to surpass every other work of the kind in the English language. Mr. Cowper has sent papa, through Mr. Venn, a manuscript copy of some lines he is about to publish.

Now, whilst papa naturally is pleased and flattered at this attention from a man of such literary note as William Cowper, I can see very well he is abashed at the idea, that through this gift a gentle reproof is conveyed to him; at all events, as a reminder to him of the dreadful traffic with which he certainly has some little connexion. I copy in my Diary part of this poem. Aunt Ellie says I am right to do so, that I may look at it at some future time, when freedom is bright as the sunshine of this degraded Island.

Yes, these were the very words she used; and papa smiled, but very gravely, and said, "Gently, Ellie, gently; but the very circumstance of the

man being a poet is enough to make you stick fast to any of his sentiments."

Aunt Ellie only shook her head very good-naturedly at papa, and said, "You wrong me, and you know you do."

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation, prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home. Then why abroad ?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England : if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire ; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too."

Mamma begged aunt Ellie and my father to keep quiet on the subject of slavery, as she had known a fearful rebellion take place among the slaves, from the circumstance of the house-servants overhearing just such a conversation as that we had been carrying on. My mother looked pale and frightened as she spoke.

Aunt Ellie told me afterwards, that these fears necessarily hung round persons holding unjust and arbitrary power.

Mr. Venn's letter was full of quotations from this poet William Cowper, who, it seems, is getting into great note in England.

He goes hand in hand with Wilberforce, Clarkson, and one Macaulay, who was for many years an overseer on the estate of a friend of papa's. People say that Macaulay tyrannized over the slaves entrusted to him, and that when he became possessed of them himself, he was a cruel master.

However, he changed his mind suddenly ; and in spite of law and everything else, he has made all the slaves on his place free, and has gone over to England, where he is on very intimate terms with the anti-slavery party.

I heard papa telling Hugh, that Macaulay was a consummate hypocrite, and that he was paid by the Home Government to act as he had done.

My father was so excited that he did not speak with his usual good sense, and Hugh felt this, I know, from the way in which he answered.

"I do not believe," he said, "that a man is obliged to be a hypocrite because he condemns slavery. I rather think that the position we planters hold sears our better judgment, and fills our minds with a thousand prejudices which would not, under any other circumstances, appertain to us.

"What can be nobler than, when a man sees he has been acting wrong, to set bravely about the work of repentance, and endeavour to do the right again? And such, as far as I can see, has been

Macaulay's behaviour. There has been nothing hypocritical about him; from the time he began to goad on the slaves to labor, there has been no concealment whatever.

"We all know he was a hard master, and just as clearly did we know when he repented. Judge not, my dear sir, that ye be not judged. The time may come when you will think with loathing of the slavery chain."

My father was not, as I had thought he would have been, at all put out by Hugh's plain speaking. He laughed, and told him that he expected some day to see all his negroes running wild, Macaulay fashion.

Well, I do not understand much about politics, but I think it must be a glorious feeling for Mr. Macaulay, that he has done all he can by way of reparation in this great dark matter of slavery.

Aunt Ellie says she has been told that in a letter he wrote to a friend in this island, he said, that on arriving in England, he had sought his bed-chamber at the hotel, and there, falling on his knees, had poured out his soul to God, somewhat in these words: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son; make me, if thou wilt, a hired servant—a slave; but shed on those enthralled Africans the sweet gift of Thy freedom."

I must not write in this strain; if mamma were to look into my journal, she would certainly condemn the expression of such anti-slavery thoughts;

and yet I am sure, if the heart speaks out of the abundance of the thoughts, the pen is supplied from the same source.

October 24th. Aunt Ellie did not return home last night, and to-day even at breakfast time, we found ourselves again in that strain of talking which mamma says is dangerous; but papa took no notice of our winks and frowns, saying only once in reply to them, "Well, my dear, it cannot be helped; there is an under-current, that we are powerless to resist, carrying us onward in this stream of converse."

Hugh has a bravery on this subject which becomes him exceedingly, and is particularly attractive in contrast as it is to my mother's fears. Suddenly he said to us all this morning, whilst we were yet at breakfast, calmly, but very seriously, I may say, solemnly, "I will never buy another slave, so help me God! He rose up from his chair as he said this, and then sat down again.

We were all silent. Not from indifference or apathy—Oh no? In another moment aunt Ellie was holding her handkerchief over her face; she was fairly sobbing; and I held down my head like a culprit, for I felt something rising in my throat, which I knew was the precursor of tears.

I never saw Lucille look more beautiful than she did this morning when Hugh was speaking. How can he see her unmoved! I marvel they were not long ago married to each other. I sometimes fancy that Louey loves him. She looked so oddly at me

when she found my eyes resting on her, as if she thought I had found this out. Ah! she need not fear me. I would never betray her.

And then the conversation took a pleasanter turn—I mean pleasanter as far as mamma was concerned—for we went from the actual discussion of slavery to the religious instruction of the negroes, which, however, my mother insisted was connected with that dangerous subject.

Mr. Venn said in his letter, that never would the accumulated wrongs of ages be redressed, till missionaries were sent to Africa with Bibles—with the message, “Behold your God!” And then he expressed his thoughts in the words of his poet-friend, which did not lose any of their music from the circumstance of aunt Ellie reading them to us.

“But yet there is a liberty unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away :
A liberty which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind ;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
'Tis liberty of heart, derived from heaven,
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
And sealed with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them His ;
They are august, but this transcends them all.”

All of us, even Phil, became interested at the idea of the religious instruction of the negroes;

and Hugh told us of a Mahomedan negro, whom he had purchased not long ago, who relied on God in a most beautiful and childlike manner, and who expressed a wish to hear more of the Christian's God.

And then aunt Ellie said, softly, and as if speaking to herself, "Who in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God; which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy."

And then mamma remarked, with a little more courage in her manner than we had hitherto observed, that she hoped when freedom came, they would be prepared to use it properly.

And aunt Ellie answered, with all the animation of a girl, "That they will, if we wave the banner over them, with its gladdening device—'God is love!'"

October 26th. Such a calm seems resting on my mind. Whence does it arise? I cannot tell.

I am calm, although I have some troublous thoughts. An angel is breathing the sweet promise in my ear, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

Aunt Ellie is such a true and sweet Christian, that I believe her influence falls soothingly as dew of Hermon on all around her.

I lay awake thinking and thinking last night about I am ashamed to tell my secret to my journal thinking about Louey and Hugh.

Can it be possible that she loves him? If so, I will never ask his pardon for my unkindly words; nay, I will never more try to appease or conciliate him when he is vexed. If I am kind to him, I may be drawing his affections away from Louey, or at all events putting up a kind of barrier between them.

I shall talk to aunt Ellie on this matter. I *must* open my heart to some one. How perverse and contradictory are the thoughts of our hearts! One moment we are all contrition and humility, and willing to be led by the hand, and the next we are irritated and chafed, and hug our difficulties to our hearts, instead of spreading them before the great Consoler.

My Diary bears witness to this!

October 29th. How shall I meet them all this evening! My eyes are red with weeping.

I have had a long talk with good, kind aunt Ellie, and have become only more perplexed than ever, because, although she sympathises with me to the bottom of her heart, she mistakes the whole matter, and says I must not let the fancy I have of Louey's caring for Hugh in any way influence my feelings towards him; that I am free to love him with my whole heart.

It seemed strange to hear aunt Ellie speaking thus; she, who is so particular touching matters of this kind, that she will not even joke us girls about lovers. "Human love," she said the other day, "is such a sacred thing, that it must be handled

carefully. A gusty wind, a rude touch, will sometimes snap its stem; and 'Violets plucked, the sweetest showers will ne'er make grow again.'"

But on this occasion, she spoke very plainly to me, and said, "The idea of loving such a man as Hugh does you honor, and raises you very much in my estimation."

"How can you talk so, aunt Ellie!" I exclaimed, moved even to tears of vexation.

She put her hand on my mouth, and said, "My dear child, I could not love you as I do, if I did not feel convinced, that to a great extent you appreciate Hugh's manly and enduring affection for you."

It was no use opposing her, and so I remained silent, for she had convinced me, against my better judgment, that I had some lurking affection for her favorite.

If it be so, it is shameful and inexcusable on my part, knowing as I do, how by his distant manner he has ever kept me at arm's length from him.

* * * * *

The Editor is sorry to say that several leaves are torn from the manuscript in this place.

However, from what she heard from her grandmother, she finds, during the interval of time of which no record is preserved, that Lord Effingham died. Mr. Fairfax attended the funeral, which was conducted with great pomp, and the expenses were

defrayed by the House of Assembly of Jamaica, of which Mr. Fairfax was a member.

Lord Effingham was placed by the side of his beloved consort, in the cathedral church of Spanish Town, where a very handsome monument was erected to the memory of both of them. The marble is in good condition, and has not as yet been unfaithful to its trust. It tells the passers-by that those sleeping beneath were united in their lives by the most tender and exalted ties, he being the fond and indulgent husband, and she the cheerful and obedient wife.

Lovely and pleasant they were in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

* * * * *

May 8th, 1792. Papa has been ill again with his heart. I wish I could feel sure it was nothing serious.

Mamma has a fixed look of uneasiness and care about her now, and we girls have quite lost the free spirit of happiness which used to make our home ring with pleasant laughter.

All other troubles seem light in comparison with this uneasiness about our dear father. To see him as he once was, would indeed be happiness.

Only now do I feel how needlessly I have fretted and fumed. While my dear papa was all life, and health, and activity, reading with me in the early morning, and staying out with me late in the

evening, to find insects and plants that were rare and curious, how could I, under these circumstances, be discontented?

Now he sits all the evening in the American rocking-chair, looking out on the sea, often appearing to desire silence and solitude. We find this out from his manner, and then we leave him to commune with his own heart and be still, to meditate at eventide, looking out on the sugar-fields.

May 12th. Aunt Ellie is with us again. Dear papa's recovery, my mother says, is slow.

He and my aunt talk much together, and their discourse is so sweet and heavenly, that it seems to draw one up out of this bustling, unsatisfactory world, into the very atmosphere of Paradise.

“When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvass furled
In some fair harbor of our Western world,
'Twere vain inquiry to what part she went—
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.”

I am sure there can be no harm in giving to my Diary this extract from aunt Ellie's friend and favourite, William Cowper, especially as he expresses to the very letter my own thoughts concerning my aunt.

I think my father would have been of one and the same mind with her if the world had not pressed heavily upon him.

I have often observed that single women take life-trials much more easily than men, when they can forget their one great sorrow of having failed to provide themselves with a husband.

I do not believe aunt Ellie ever fretted about this; and then she has those high and holy religious principles which would take any one unmurmuringly through the difficulties of life.

The other day, when she was in great sorrow, it did one's heart good to see the way in which, clasping her hands together, and looking up to heaven, she said, "I know in whom I have believed. Father, not my will, but Thine be done."

I believe at the time she forgot I was near her, being in such wrapt communion with the Invisible.

A great change has come over my father. Aunt Ellie looks very wise about it, and says, "Affliction cometh not forth from the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground."

"Doss," papa said to me the night before last, (he always speaks more confidentially to me than to my sisters), "Doss, how thoroughly I understand those words now, "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." And his eye lightened up into a holy, heavenly lustre, as he looked out on the golden light, resting like a glory on the horizontal boughs of the cashaw tree. "Nothing merely of this earth, my child," he said,

"can satisfy the desires of the immortal soul: learning cannot do it; wealth cannot do it; no, nor even earthly love, the sweetest boon of all. We thirst again very soon when we drink of this;" and then he added, very thoughtfully and gently, "Whoso drinketh of the water that I give him, it shall be in him a well of water springing up to everlasting life." There is something so humble, yet so calmly confident about papa, that I cannot make it out. When he speaks of his hope in Christ, which he sometimes does to me in our confidential talk, there is no kind of boasting about him. He says the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God; that our greatest extent of knowledge, in comparison with the wisdom which is from above, is less than the lisps of a little child just beginning to understand; and that the riches of this world are as nothing, as long as we are rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

Aunt Ellie observed, alluding to papa's illness, that there was no need whatever to call this affliction a blessing in disguise; that he who ran might read mercy graven on it. And certainly the Refiner's work is very evident in my father's mind and manner. We are beginning, I am sure, to see in him the Master's likeness.

But I feel it is hypocrisy in me to write of serious things even in my private journal.

What do I know of the life of God in the soul? When I made this observation to aunt Ellie one day, she shook her head, looked sorrowfully at me,

and said, "Doss, Doss, the wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but ye cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth ; so is everyone who is born of the spirit."

May 13th. Something has come out of papa's sitting so long in the evening, looking at those holly-thorn, or, as we call them, cashaw trees. He has made some smoothly-running lines concerning them.

It is a singular thing that all the flowers of this tree have petals of a golden hue, with the exception of one in the group, which is not only marked with black, but stained with red spots.

From this circumstance has arisen a legend that the blossoms assume this appearance, in consequence of the bough of the cashaw tree having formed a part of the blessed Saviour's crown of thorns.

Aunt Ellie insists on sending a copy of papa's lines to Mr. Venn.

"Gently, gently turn and see
How each leaflet trembles,
Of this shivering crime-stained tree,
Whose scarred bloom resembles
The dim stream that slowly wound,
Crimson-stained and gory,
From the brow its thorns had crowned
Of the Lord of Glory !

"And its boughs in their unrest
Have a ceaseless motion,
Like the ever-heaving breast
Of the restless ocean.

Whilst a deadly poison dwells,
Since that guilty hour,
On the thorn-sprays in the cells
Of each golden flower !

May 25th. Papa has gone with Phil to spend a few days with our Lieutenant-Governor, General Adam Williamson, at his penn on the Liguanea mountains. He likes the General very much.

Phil seems to be deriving much benefit from the mountain air, and is recovering the elasticity of her spirits. She says in her letter, that the air is so cold, they use blankets at night ; and this is a very novel appendage to Jamaica bed-furniture. They arrived at night ; and in the morning, when she looked from her bed-room window, she was charmed with the prospect.

Round an enormous mountain, which is called St. Catherine's Peak, dense clouds were wrapped like a winding-sheet.

While looking on this view, she said the cloud enlarged and became of a dingy grey, so that the mountain could not be seen at all. Then all at once the mist became thin as muslin, and through this veil gigantic trees and black-looking rocks were discernible. As the sun rose, the lower hills and plains were bathed in a flood of light ; and this stern old mountain donned for a few moments a kingly robe of crimson and purple ; and then, throwing all mist aside, the landscape stood out in its real character of plain forest-clad mountain land.

May 25th. Mamma is uneasy and troubled, not concerning my father, but about Phil. She looks anxious and dejected. I am glad Hugh is with us. Though he is not as great a comforter as aunt Ellie in time of sorrow, there is much in what he says that is consoling.

And then he has a particular way of dealing with mamma when she is in trouble. His heart seems full of love and pity for her, and he breaks through his usual diffidence about religious things, and speaks of the strength given to those who wait on the Lord, and of the courage and composure that would be given to us if we met the trials of life, holding before us the shield of faith.

It is good to hear him speak thus, and I think we prize it all the more, because such words as these from him are like angels' whispers, heard most clearly when darkness is around.

When Hugh is in his present mood, I feel ashamed of myself, that at times I judge him so harshly, that I make so few allowances for the asperity and sternness which he occasionally evinces towards me. When I see other men and compare them with him, his superiority strikes me forcibly ; and I being a foolish ignorant girl, it is no marvel that my thoughts shine out clearly before him.

I did not intend to write a word about Hugh when I sat down before my dear old Diary-book, but papa said I was to make a record of my passing thoughts ;—so let it be.

It is my father's letter which has so upset mamma.

He says Phil was in such good spirits, going on so nicely, that he began to take himself to task for having had any suspicions at all concerning her, when all at once he was cast back again into doubt and distrust by her strange behaviour.

Through circumstances, which papa never anticipated, Mr. Otway suddenly made his appearance at Holly-thorn Penn, which is the name of the Governor's present abode. He had come on business to his Excellency, and was asked to remain to dinner. The guests were assembled previously to going into the dining-hall, and my father on joining them acknowledged Mr. Otway only by a bow. Phil shook hands with him, and while so doing was overtaken by sudden faintness, and would have fallen to the ground, had he not put his arm round her. My father grew indignant at what in the excitement of the moment he called a stranger's interference, and they would have got to high words had not both felt how absolutely necessary it was to make light of the matter. One or two ladies sprinkled Phil's forehead with Eau de Cologne, and in a few minutes all was smooth again, and the little ruffle caused by this event was forgotten, or attributed to the heat of the day, which had been more than usually sultry.

My father outwardly acquiesced in all this, but inwardly he felt there must be some real and serious cause for Phil's disquietude.

Mamma thinks gravely of the matter, and we cannot regain our usual home cheerfulness.

Louey is wonderfully downcast. When I asked her the cause of her dejection, she replied, "Dear child, you don't know how very lonely I feel, even in the heart of our home. You who have love watching every shadow falling on your countenance cannot tell what life is without it."

I knew to whom she alluded, and I could not say one word, only I felt within myself that I had a remote and distant hope I might some day possess somebody's heart, and that this idea, far off and faint as it was, I would not give up for anything in the world.

At length, I broke the silence, and I said, "Louey, to my knowledge you have rejected two or three lovers; if you thus act, how can you expect any consolation from affection. You have a heart thirsting for love, and yet when the full goblet is put to your lips, you dash it aside, saying, 'Water will do for me,' but it will not." Louey smiled, a deep blush overspread her face and neck, as she replied, "What if this same heart be in the grasp of a mighty love, so that it is not able in any way to move." She was quite too serious now for laughter, and we both wept together.

June 10th. Papa has written to say he shall return next week. Phil, in a letter to Louey, observes, that it is breaking her heart to see how ill he looks, and she declares it is all through trouble on her account. Our home is clouded; we are not like the same family that we were a year ago."

July 26th. It is full six weeks since I wrote in my journal.

My dear father and I are together on our mountain estate. The cooler air seems already to have benefitted him. Phil was so ill on her return home, that Louey and mamma did not like to leave her; and so dear papa was entrusted to my care.

The solitude is intense, and yet no one could feel lonely with my father, though I am somewhat nervous and uncomfortable, because he says he is expecting another attack on his heart.

"Doss," he said, this morning, "I should like to see you settled, by which of course, I mean *married*. Yes, my child, I should like to see you the wife of some worthy man, before I die, for you must not conceal the fact from yourself that my days on earth are numbered.

I shed many tears, and tried hard against my own inward conviction to prove to my father that he was only nervous.

He bore very patiently with all my reasonings, and then said, calmly, "All this fainting and nausea and weakness cannot be nervous, my child. The doctors do not deceive me, but it would be more manly of them if they were to deal faithfully with their patient. However there is a little quiet reckoning between the soul and God which is, I trust, honestly adjusted in spite of man's fantasies and double dealings. My journey is almost over, my race well-nigh run, but of that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels in heaven."

And then he went on to tell me, and he seemed in a very composed and chastened mood, how all night long the wind and the river had been whispering together, as he lay awake listening, and how this whisper had formed itself into the words, "Watch, therefore. Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find watching."

It is strange to hear papa talking in this way, a man who has never made religion the theme of his conversation. "Doss," he said to me last evening, as we sat with the rich mountain landscape spread out at our feet, "Doss, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.'"

"Papa, dearest," I said, "do not be melancholy, you have yet many years to live."

He looked pained at my persistence in this belief, and said, "It does not make me melancholy to think of going home, for I believe in the mercy of the Most High as reaching through Christ even unto me, unworthy as I am! 'They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; for He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' Afar I can see the crystal gates of heaven, and if Jesus will let me, even I, holding his hand, may venture in."

I had a strange feeling of unhappiness at hearing him so deprecate himself, but I could scarcely wish his feelings to be different, for I knew, that unless he had the mind of a little child he could not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

I was glad to see Hugh riding up the mountain

path towards us that evening. His presence always cheered my father, and before they had been long together, they were in happy conversation.

Then they discussed politics, a thing men always do when there are not ladies enough in the company to keep the discourse on lighter matters. I observed Hugh once or twice looking very steadfastly at papa, and there was something more earnest than usual in his manner towards me.

I retired to rest very early, leaving them to chat together, for gentlemen love this kind of consideration as well as ladies, and I am now writing in my bed-room. It is in a wing of the house, round which there is as yet no piazza, and the windows opening wide like doors, I have only to turn from the pages of my Diary, to look out on the great forest to which night is giving all its grandeur.

The mountain before me is covered with a wood which the world must have worn in its infancy. Through long ages, nature has been weaving a thick and fibrous underwood, and this has been the defence of the forest, shielding it from the encroachment of man.

To their very summits these gigantic mountains are robed with verdure, and the silvery moonlight is streaming on them and giving them a beauty and a glory which it is impossible to describe. I can only liken it to that heavenly beauty which rests on the minds of some holy persons, irradiating their countenances with the joy which is unspeakable and full of glory.

But the intensity of solitude is oppressing and discomposing. Owls are hooting, toads are hissing, lizards are croaking, and the whirr of many thousand insects reminds you that you are on the very borders of a territory not yet under the dominion of man.

Some fragrant night-flowers, which have sworn fealty to the shade, and would shrink and die if exposed to the sun, are standing out like apparitions in the darkness.

Papa and Hugh are still in conversation below ; at least I hear their voices occasionally ; but I think they are getting drowsy, for there are long pauses, and then some sleepy sentences, as if they were almost in dream-land.

I hope Hugh will not let papa sit up too late in the arm-chair ; I forgot to ask him to coax my father to go to bed at eleven o'clock.

August 15th. What a world of change is this ! How much, how very much seems to have taken place since last I wrote in my Diary !

And yet here we are, just the same, father and I together, the eternal mountains around us, and the beauty and the solitude of the deepest retirement ; yet, as regards my inner life, there is a vast change.

At first sorrow seemed to press on me, and completely to bear down my mind ; and then a trembling feeling, distantly related, perhaps, to happiness, penetrated my troublous thoughts ; and in spite of the uneasiness which I still feel, I do not

think I would on any account undo the work of the past fortnight.

But I must tell my Diary, my faithful old Diary, the events that have taken place since I last communed with it; and as dear papa made me promise to do, endeavour to pourtray the river naturally and justly.

On that night of silvery moonlight, of which I last made note in my journal, and which I shall remember as long as I live, I had risen from my escritoire, and was just about undressing, when Hugh came suddenly to my door, and said, "Doss, your father is ill." In another moment I was at his side. I found him lying senseless on the floor in a dead faint.

It was some little time before we could restore him, and then Hugh assisted him into bed, but the fluttering at his heart was so great, that he could not speak, Hugh and I bending over him in the deepest sorrow. We sent off for the doctor, but we had some difficulty in awaking our negro servants, for they sleep much more soundly than any European. However, once having been made thoroughly to understand that old massa's life was in danger, I must do them the justice to say, that they became most earnest and energetic in their services.

In a little while my father was able to speak, and then he said, very solemnly, "My children, the hand of death is upon me. Hugh, come here, you faithful fellow. Hugh was greatly affected, and wept audibly. How one heart becomes insensibly

united to another, when the same stream of sorrow is rolling over both. I felt nearer to Hugh at that moment than I had ever done before, and when my father joined our hands together, and said, "So let it be, my children," I was not vexed as I should have been at any other time. I believe I did not clearly comprehend what he meant; but when he said, "Doss, my child," and there was tenderness inexpressible in this epithet, "promise me that you will some day take Hugh for your husband, and be to him a wife, tender and true, loving, and obeying, and honoring him till you die," I became extremely distressed, and could only whisper to Hugh, "Pray don't take any notice of this; his mind is wandering, he does not know what he is saying." I thought of Hugh's coolness, of the way in which, in spite of occasional kindness, he had always drawn back from me, and I suddenly became fearful, lest he should think this request of my father's originated in me.

"Doss," he said, turning towards me, and he was so near to me that his breath passed across my face as he spoke, "be composed; your father is as much himself as I am, and you will not be such an ungrateful girl as to refuse what may be his dying request."

I felt that all opposition on my part was useless; and so, through many tears, I faithfully promised that I would be Hugh's wife.

Hugh clasped my hand, and pressing it fervently to his lips, said, "Thank you, Doss, thank you, with all my heart."

I do not believe that my tears were tears of sorrow ; and though very much fretted and discomposed in mind since that eventful night, I have had a latent feeling of peace within me, which is unlike anything I ever before experienced ; not but that I am sometimes sorely troubled when in Hugh's company, and now that dear papa is better, I am naughty enough to feel he had no right to extort a promise from me of such a serious nature.

However, when Hugh smiles at me, I am pretty tolerably happy ; but when he watches me every moment, with a gravity amounting to sternness, I get dismal, unwelcome thoughts in my mind, and am troubled at my silent and secret engagement.

Hugh must, I suppose, have told papa that he would like me for a wife, for they seemed to understand each other very well on that night of our engagement. Yet I cannot help feeling that my father's will guided Hugh in this matter, and this persuasion troubles me sadly.

August 27th. We are going on much the same, only mamma is with us now, and Hugh has returned to the lowlands.

Hugh, my affianced husband ! What an honor ! He is too good and too noble for me. I do not deserve him. How happy I should be, were it not for the conviction that he was forced into this engagement.

Yet I ought not to marry Hugh, for surely I am not in love with him. I respect and reverence him, but of the love that casts out fear I know nothing.

No one among us alludes to this engagement of mine. I wonder if my mother knows of it. I hope my dear father was not under the effect of delirium when he urged me to make the contract; but surely Hugh would have known if this had been the case, for he was never more in earnest in his life than on that occasion.

September 1st. We are again at our lowland home. What a pleasure it was to me to meet dear Louey and Phil. No one but myself seems to think that Philippa looks ill. She is not like the same girl that she used to be before she met Mr. Otway. Care sits on her fair brow, and through her very laughter runs an under-tone of sorrow. Louey says, when Phil is in a gay mood, it reminds her of the mirth which is heaviness.

Ah me! how much sooner sorrow overshadows some than others. And yet, after all, I believe it is much more fairly distributed in this world of ours than we think; for Louey, who, as far as we can see, has no particular cause for distress, sighs and frets at times, more than either Phil or I.

If aunt Ellie were looking over my journal as I write, I think she would quote those lines which have lately come from the pen of her favorite—

“He who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of His love,
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, ‘Go, spend them in the vale of tears.’”

And she would again repeat what she has so often said to me, that we are not legitimate children of

God, unless under His control, and receiving fatherly chastisement from Him.

"Who were those clothed in white," she said to me the other day, "but those who came out of great tribulation?" for when I met her first after my stay with papa in the mountains, she noted my sorrowful and dejected look, and this was too much for me, and I burst into tears, and wept for some time, with my head leaning on her bosom. I did not breathe one word of all that had passed between Hugh and me to her, nevertheless these tears were a great relief to me.

September 4th. Papa has bought two slaves. They are African negroes and brothers. They appear to be in a state of great ignorance; but not understanding their language, we can scarcely make out what they do know. They were slaves in their own country, and there is no doubt they will be far happier with us than with their African task-masters; but this does not make slavery right. They are not, however, as yet convinced that my father will be kind to them; and it is quite affecting to see how earnestly they look into our faces, as if to read from them their future destiny. As I write this, they are sitting in the front piazza, eating neeseberries. Their names are Saba and Quashy.

Though large men, and wild, uncouth looking creatures, there is a simplicity, a gentleness in their countenances that is most touching. I am glad to find our people can understand a little of what they

say. This is not always the case, as the tribes differ very much in language from each other.

When they saw papa drinking port wine at dinner, they trembled and turned pale, at least as far as a negro can turn pale, which consists in a kind of ashy grey look under their eyes and round their mouth ; for they have, it seems, a most preposterous idea, that the white men buy them in order to drink their blood, and they thought this wine was blood, and that their turn to be murdered would soon come.

September 5th. This afternoon our new slaves are much pacified. They have been performing very tolerably on the banjo, but I must say I prefer them in their quiet and thoughtful moods. I feel afraid of them in their excitement, and notwithstanding their flattering expressions, for they have already learned to say "Sweet young missis, handsome buckra," &c., they cannot, I am sure, at all events for some time, really care for those who have bought them as one buys horses.

I have arranged in metre one of their wild songs, which our nurse translated to me.

"By the practice of long ages,
Massa, we have fear for you ;
Harsh words may be all our wages,
Pelting rain, but never dew !
God of pity, look thou kindly,
On the work we render blindly !

"When we sit down, faint and groaning
By the grasses of the river,

In the bamboo's gentle moaning,
In their soft and rustling quiver,
Let us hear the angel-song—
Chains and bondage, Lord, how long?"

I never before heard Hugh express such vexation towards papa.

He says he is surprised and grieved that my father continues to have anything to do with that inhuman traffic. It cannot be right, and I must say I like Hugh all the better for setting his face against it.

He recited to papa some lines from a poem called "Charity," which has lately been composed by Cowper, of whom I have so often made mention in my journal; I thought them very much to the purpose.

"Canst thou, and honored with a Christian name,
Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame?
Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
Expedience as a warrant for the deed?
So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold
To quit the forest and invade the fold;
So may the ruffian, who with ghostly glide,
Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side,
Not he, but his emergence forced the door—
He found it inconvenient to be poor.
Has God, then, given its sweetness to the cane,
Unless His laws be trampled on—in vain?
Built a brave world which cannot yet subsist,
Unless His right to rule it be dismissed?
Impudent blasphemy! So folly pleads,
And, avarice being judge, with ease succeeds."

September 20th. It is quite laughable to see aunt Ellie's excitement when she has a letter from her Yorkshire friends; but it is more pleasant than I can describe in writing to have her among us, with her gentle influences, her pious and holy thoughts.

I have felt lately as if I could hardly bear the burden of the secret of my engagement to Hugh, which feeling is growing deeper and deeper every day, from the very circumstance that no one alludes to it, and that Hugh is even colder to me than he was before it existed.

I think aunt Ellie has found out that something troubles me; I am sure she has, from the way in which she said to me this morning, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She is a living proof of the truth of those words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me, because he trusteth in thee." She never thinks of God as an Avenger, but as a Father loving and pitying His wayward children; and to-night, as we took a row in our stilly and picturesque bay, all shining in the silvery moonlight, I thought of those lines of her favourite poet:

"Hers to enjoy, with a propriety that none can feel,
But who with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling, say, 'My Father made them all;'"—

for I knew her reflections were somewhat of this kind, as she looked on the woods fringing the

waters, and on the everlasting mountains, all grandly clothed with night.

But the letter which aunt Ellie received by this packet from good old Mr. Venn of Huddersfield, is indeed most interesting. He describes a visit he has received from William Cowper. He is, he says, a most timid and bashful man, so nervously sensitive, that Mr. Venn expresses it as his conviction, that he will never advantageously make his way through the bolder, though mayhap the less talented spirits, of the literary world. He says a sharp review would pierce him like a sword !

However, they chatted very pleasantly together, and the conversation turned on slavery, which indeed was natural enough, as Mr. Cowper's thoughts are running on that road at present. Mr. Venn said it was beautiful to see the holy light that shone in the poet's eyes as he spoke of the religious instruction of the slaves as a thing of dire necessity.

"If the planters will not make them free," he said, "let them tell their bondsmen that God has made of one blood all nations of men that dwell on the face of the earth ; let them circulate the great charter of salvation among them, and declare to them that God so loved the world that He sent into it His only begotten Son as Atoner and Redeemer, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

And then aunt Ellie and Hugh conversed together, and they seemed to be looking through scripture prophecy on the misty future, and they

reminded each other of several consoling promises, which, as far as I could tell, seemed to intimate the utter extinction of slavery, and the universal knowledge of the Lord Christ. They spoke of the opening of the prison to them that were bound; and though there was much in their conversation that I did not hear, for the sea-breeze was rioting in the house in that peculiar way which so completely baffles a listener, I distinctly caught Hugh's words, "All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee."

October 3rd.—The packet news concerning things in France is very bad, and we probably have some six weeks to wait before we can hear again, for at this season of the year storms begin to vex the English coast, and our packet at its first onset has to contend with winds and waves. They talk of having a packet twice in the month, but papa says this will not be in our time.

The day had arrived on which the National Assembly had determined to decide the question, whether the king should be deposed or not. A great multitude of Parisians, under injudicious and turbulent leaders, joined by the national guard, attacked the palace of the Tuilleries, and murdered the Swiss guards stationed there, but the royal family had time to escape to the hall of the National Assembly. They could, however, find no protection there, for the whole set of them were obliged to give place to the democratic party who had

constituted an assembly of their own, calling it the National Convention, and the royal family, after having been treated with the greatest indignities, were seized and put into prison, where they are now lying.

In our little island, all the interest is on the side of royalty, which is not to be wondered at. Every one is anticipating a dreadful fate for the French king!

October 10th. Hugh is more distant in his manner to me than ever. Perhaps he regrets the engagement. However, I must of necessity let things remain as they are; for I have not courage to speak to him about them. Yet he has a fervent, thoughtful kind of manner towards me which I do not think he exhibits towards anyone else.

Oh! I am very miserable! All my girlhood's peace seems gone. I know papa entered into the arrangement with Hugh out of affectionate concern for me. He did not know anything of Hugh's little cold ways towards me. He loves his child, and takes it as a thing of course that others should love her too.

I have been trying aunt Ellie's remedy for care, and I certainly feel relieved. As Hezekiah spread his letter before the Lord, I have spread my fears and misgivings before God, and a brighter colouring certainly seems shed upon them. I hope this state of mind may last, for when I am very depressed, I can offer no consolation to my poor mother, who is troubled beyond measure concerning my father's state of health.

I had a long conversation with Hugh in the piazza this evening. On the whole, it has been soothing, yet it was an unusual style of converse for those betrothed.

But I must not forget that Hugh is not my lover. He has never even gone through the form of telling me that he loved me, and I respect him for this.

He said to me the other day, "Doss, you should come out of self."

I was vexed at this remark, and answered, pettishly, with a toss of my head, which mamma says is a peculiar characteristic of my offended mood, "It is the first time in my life I have ever been accused of selfishness."

"Because," he replied, very quietly, "it is brought to light only through particular circumstances. You have made a sacrifice of your feelings for your father, and you are uneasy at what you have done, therefore you are letting selfishness mar and extinguish the beauty of this obedience."

I knew he was alluding to our engagement. He had never done this before, and I became so agitated, that I could not on any account have spoken or looked up. Tears coursed down my cheeks, and my knees trembled till I was obliged to sit down.

I had it in my heart to tell Hugh, that the only thing which made me unhappy, was my persuasion, that by his consenting to engage himself to me, he had only been carrying out a favorite scheme of

my father's from love and affection for him, not in the least caring for me.

I wish I had; it would have saved me future sorrow. Generally speaking, it is wrong to act from impulse, but sometimes it is the wisest and the best way of proceeding. I could only find courage to say, and that was in a trembling voice, "I will try and be more unselfish for the future."

Hugh sighed very deeply, and said, "I believe love thrives best in shadow, and is strongest when it is thwarted."

I cannot tell what he meant, but he walked from me out into the moonlight.

Oh! to be loved by such a man as Hugh! I am not worthy of the boon, and yet I think any girl would grow better, wiser, and holier under its influence.

November 24th. Nearly two months have passed since I last wrote in my journal, and it seems to me as many years. I have forgotten all about my engagement to Hugh; at least it does not press as it used to do, as a dull weight on my heart. I have not time to think of my own annoyances, so much am I taken up with concern for mamma and for dear Phil. The sorrows of those we love draw us wonderfully out of selfishness and repining.

It is some weeks now since papa had a dangerous return of his fainting. What we should do without Hugh I know not. He was nurse, doctor, counsellor to us all on that occasion. As a friend and brother he is invaluable, and yet I desire not to be

bound to him by any nearer and dearer relationship. I wish to live like aunt Ellie, and be what the world so laughs at—an old maid. One hears gentlemen talking of the happiness of an unmarried life; why, therefore, cannot ladies make up their minds to be happy single?

When I expressed this opinion to Hugh yesterday, he said, with a great deal of provoking coolness of manner, that it was well for young girls when they were not left to choose for themselves in these matters; that no harm came of a marriage when they did not take the arrangement of it into their own hands.

If it had been anyone else, I would have spoken out my mind pretty plainly, but I never can answer Hugh. However, I was determined he should not think he had made any impression on me by his wise speech, and so I left the room, humming loudly a lively air of Mozart's. I left it whilst he was speaking to me, and would have returned before I reached the end of the piazza, had I acted according to the promptings of my inner feelings; but folly gained the mastery, and I had a wakeful, miserable night, the consequence of my pride and ignorance.

But I must give my journal an account of the strange things that have taken place in our household.

Phil had been suffering from fever, and was lying on the couch in the piazza, facing the mountains, where she could catch the land-breeze, as it came

down on its undulating way over the cane-fields, whispering to the bamboos lightly as it passed, and waking the river into melody.

It was a lovely evening. One of those burning sunsets, so peculiarly characteristic of the tropics, had died away, and the west was wrapped in a soft purple light, distinguished from our English twilight by a burnished coppery line that ran along the margin of the horizon.

My father was sitting in the American chair, while, in the style of that country, his feet were raised far above his head on the trellis-work before him.

I think papa and Phil were better friends than I ever remember to have seen them ; for long continued illness had invested her with a gentle thoughtfulness which hung gracefully round her ; her spirits, once so turbulent, had calmed down ; and, indeed, when I come to think seriously of poor Phil, she seems years and years older than when I commenced my Diary—though, for the matter of that, so do I.

Well, I was busy with my work, and Hugh was talking of the happiness of marriage, when tastes and feelings were congenial. Every word he said seemed to cut my heart, and caused me actual pain ; for in spite of all the manner I assume towards Hugh, I feel I am not worthy of him.

I wish I could make up my mind to talk plainly to him on this subject, to tell him it will be a cheat, an imposition on him if I consent to be his wife.

Phil did not talk much, but she made a few remarks, so gently and modestly, and was so entirely divested of her usual flippancy of manner, that I thought I had never seen her look so charming.

I forget what led the way towards it, but Hugh launched boldly into a religious conversation, and said, if we sought diligently and humbly to do God's will while on earth, acknowledging, after all our services, that we were unprofitable workmen, and basing our hopes of salvation on the atonement of Christ alone, that he believed, immediately as the soul left the body, the blessed words would reach it, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

My father brightened up very much at this remark; and then Hugh, going gently down the steps, strolled away among the orange trees, which were only at a little distance from us.

Phil was playing with a ring on her finger, a habit she had lately fallen into.

A little while before, she had dropped it on the floor; it was a hair ring, and mamma had spoken sarcastically about it. She had said, "I shouldn't wonder if it were some of that shopman's hair, only I don't think any child of mine would so demean herself as to wear such a thing."

I remember how on that occasion, Phil had colored to her temples, and then turned very pale; how seeming neither angry nor hurt at the remark, but *only* distressed and uneasy, she had jumped up

very quickly and caught the ring, though she had been so languid and faint all the morning, we thought she had scarcely strength to move.

This time, however, she was not so quick, and papa caught the rolling ring.

"A queer thing, this," he said; badly set, at any rate. I declare the hair is quite loose."

Phil had jumped up, and in a kind of agonized entreaty, was urging papa to give her back the ring.

"Stop a little," cried my father, who by this time was in a state of great excitement, and he unrolled the hair, which had been carefully and closely wound round and round the ring, which now shone forth in naked gold. Of course it told its own tale. It was a wedding-ring!

It was dreadful to see my father's anger; he who generally had his feelings under such control; he who, if he spoke angrily to any of his daughters, would ask their pardon for having done so; it was dreadful, I say, to see him strike Phil, so that she staggered and fell back on the sofa.

"You are married to that fellow!" he said, "and I have been cherishing a serpent as my child. Are you the wife of Mr. Otway?"

"Yes;" slowly answered poor Phil.

"Then you may go to your husband," exclaimed my father, in a strange, unnatural voice, "for this house shall no longer shelter so deceitful, so undutiful a girl."

I had beckoned to Hugh to come to us. I always turned to him when I was in trouble. He

ran towards the house, fearing, I dare say, that my father was ill, and joined us just at this crisis.

Papa seemed as one intoxicated; he could scarcely speak, and staggered as he walked. "Tell him, Doss," he said, looking in a helpless kind of way at Hugh as he entered, "tell him Phil is a snake and a viper, that she doesn't darken my doors after to-morrow's sun is up."

We all knew papa was quite beside himself; and Hugh, exercising that peculiar kind of mastery which it is his nature to hold over other people, sent Phil from my father's presence, and led him to a seat, where he was overtaken by one of those dead fainting-fits that had so alarmed us lately.

Mamma and Lucille, who had been busy in the hall below, apportioning work to our needle-women, now joined us. They bathed my father's temples, and put bottles of hot water to his feet; and Hugh sent off for the doctor, and peremptorily insisted that Phil should remain in her bed-room, locking the door on her to keep her a secure prisoner.

As soon as father began to revive I would have gone off to see after Phil, but Hugh would not let me. He put his arm round me, and kept me at his side. "Let me go, Hugh," I said, even with tears, and trying to disengage myself, but the strong arm remained unmoved, and he took no heed of my vexation. And yet I must not call it vexation, for all the while I felt certain Hugh was right, and acting in this emergency far better than any one of us would have done.

When the doctor came, we got papa into bed, where he lay as weak as a child ; but a kind of dreaminess had crept over him, and he talked as one talks in his sleep.

Hugh called me aside, and bade me tell him all that had happened.

He did not make any comment on Phil's conduct, but said he must break the matter to my mother, which he did with a great deal of discretion.

It was, perhaps, well for mamma that she was at that time so concerned about my father, that she had, as it were, no more room in her heart for any additional uneasiness. A sort of apathy had stolen over her, as regarded anyone but her husband lying there, the very picture of death, and battling with reason for the mastery. However, there was more sense in what he was saying than mamma had at first supposed, though he continued to call Phil a snake and a viper. "Take her away," he cried, "she bites, she stings." At last father fell into a gentle slumber, and then we knew the worst was over.

Hugh went himself to Phil and set her free, but she refused to be comforted, and said she had behaved so badly, she could never see her father again—that she should set off to Kingston early in the morning.

Dear, wise Hugh! I had never loved him so much as on that occasion.

I thought it was very beautiful to see him sitting by Phil's side, and taking her hand in his, while

from his deep and earnest eyes shone out all the kindness of his heart.

He spoke of our weakness and sinfulness, and he said that we were all unable to do anything wise or right in our own strength; that we had difficulties to contend with, battles to fight with duty, struggles with temptation, in which contests we could only act bravely and wisely as our defence and shield were in God.

"I am weak as you are, Phil," he said, "and do you think I would exult over you now, because I happen not to have been guilty of the same fault?"

I could have kneeled down before Hugh as thus he spoke, and thanked him for his goodness to my sorrow-stricken and repentant sister.

"You must not be surprised at your father's anger," he continued, "for, my dear child, you have grievously offended him."

There was much tenderness in Hugh's manner as he said this. He put his hand on her shoulder, and looked into her face with a goodness and sweetness which it is impossible to describe.

"Your mother is suffering intensely, and cannot be persuaded as yet to leave your father's side, but she has begged me to get a revelation from you of all that has really passed; and, dear Phil, you must speak unreservedly to me as to a brother, for that is a relationship which I hope some day to bear to you."

It was the first time he had ever directly alluded to our engagement. And I felt proud and pleased

that he had thus owned it before my sister, though I durst not raise my eyes to look at him, as he sat there with Phil's hand in his, and his searching look resting on my face.

I do not believe Phil knew what he was saying as regarded this brotherhood, but she was soothed and comforted by his manner, and looked up into his face with that innocent expression of trustfulness which is seldom seen but on the face of a child.

"Whilst I was staying at Port Henderson," Phil said, "I continually received letters from Mr. Otway, telling me of his devoted love; nay, more than once we had meetings on the sands whilst my mother was with me. How she never discovered it, I cannot tell. Sometimes he would come and talk to me on the Guinea-grass enclosure that ran along immediately under our western piazza; and once, when mamma was called away, as you will remember she was, to see after papa, Mr. Otway induced me to accompany him in the boat to Kingston, and we were married there one Wednesday morning.

"The license was all right, and the old Rector, not being a very rigid man, though he suspected it was a runaway match, said something about his having done just such a foolish thing when he was a youth in England, which he had never regretted; and he told Mr. Otway that my sweet face was an excuse for such a deed; and so he tied the knot for us without any hesitation, and seemed to have a kind of romantic enjoyment of the whole affair.

"I left my husband at the church door, and returned home with Sukey, my nurse. This we had previously arranged, for only on these terms had I consented to be his wife. There seemed something awful to me in the very title, now that I had got it as it were by stealth ; I could not help holding it in fear and shame."

Oh! with what earnest kindness Hugh was looking down on Phil all this time.

His silence was quite as expressive as speech. It said, as plainly as if it had formed itself into words, "Poor child, you know not what you have done." It said that the greatest tenderness was needful for her, the greatest gentleness and love.

And so Phil went on telling her story, intermixing it with much weeping.

She never once spoke of any love she had for her husband, only she spoke of him as not more to blame than herself for this private marriage.

"I have never had one moment of happiness since," she said ; "the dreadful secret has been like a weight of lead on my heart. When dear mamma, not knowing what her guilty child had done, tended me with watchful kindness through the nights of restlessness and fever, which rather increased than diminished, I felt as if I should like to die—to die in her arms, with her dear pale face shining on me in its sacred mother's love, and believing me still all that I had been to her in my innocent childhood."

Far on into the night, we sat in Phil's bedroom,

we three, gathered round the low window that looks so pleasantly over the orange-trees, and the wild cashaw-land; on the sea, the great, white, heaving, silvery-streaked sea. Oh! I shall not soon forget the grandeur and mystery of that night. I believe I shall carry the memory of it with me to the grave.

Occasionally Hugh went out to mamma, who was still watching, and fearing, and hoping, and praying at our dear father's side, who had been for many hours in a troubled slumber.

Dear Hugh! I seemed to know more of his character through those hours of sorrowful revealing than I had ever known before; and Lucille, who had crept in softly from time to time, looking white as the muslin dress she wore, was so impressed with his goodness, so struck by his gentle, manly, wise counsel, that, as she said afterwards, in a more confidential manner than is generally her wont when conversing with me, "I am afraid I thought more of Hugh Granville, standing up so strong among us all in our weakness, than of our poor sorrowing, repentant sister."

He never lectured Phil on her disobedience, neither did he assume that manner bordering on sternness, which had so often fretted and annoyed me in my association with him. The weakness and folly of my poor sister's conduct had fallen with a softening influence on him, and he seemed to pour on Phil and me as we sat there a woman's tender pity from his great manly heart; nay, I

doubt if any woman could have felt precisely the same as Hugh felt for Phil in her trouble.

Mamma is calling me to arrange with her about dessert. She has quite given up her partnership with Phil in these matters, so I must lay aside my journal for the present. Papa was right when he said I should find it like a real story-book if I put down the events of every day.

November 30th. After all, parents have a fullness of care for their children which seems to me of so heavenly a nature, that it can be comprehended but by God.

People talk of stern fathers turning their children out of the house for disobedience. I grant it may be so sometimes; nay, that a father or mother may be selfish and brutish, and order their erring child from their home, if she have not married to their liking, but this is the exception, not the rule.

Mamma's meeting with Phil was full of tears and tenderness, and before the afternoon of the day following our long conversation through the moon-lit night, Phil, against the express order of the doctor was lying with her head resting on my father's pillow.

I think it did him good to have her there, for he could not take his eyes off her sweet face, worn as it was with much weeping.

At one time when she had fallen asleep, he said in a low tone to Hugh, "I don't know about lovers' quarrels being worth so much for the sake of the sweet reconciliation that comes afterwards, but this

I do know, that I never loved Phil so dearly as at this moment, now that she has so erred and been so forgiven ;” and then Hugh pretended to look very wise, and said something to papa about its being extremely injudicious ; but papa kept on like a wayward child who is callous to all remonstrance, turning about her golden hair, and saying how pretty she was, till I began to feel slightly like the elder son, in the parable of the prodigal child, a little fretted at this feast of love that was given to Phil.

Nay, I believe I am wronging myself ; I would not have had my father one whit less kind to the dear offender than he was, for anything. If he had been less good and less gentle to me, I might have grudged Phil a portion of this extra tenderness, but I saw his great loving heart was overflowing with affection for us all.

Well I must go on, and tell my dear old diary all my story.

As soon as papa was up and about again, we sent off for Mr. Otway, and a right good feast we prepared for him.

I thought my father met him very bravely, considering the unhandsome way in which he had almost stolen his daughter from him, though I saw the shadow of hard thought flit over his face for a moment, but it passed away, and then his hand was cordially extended.

Poor mamma was not quite so happy in her meeting. There was a mortified and distressed

tone in her voice as she greeted her son-in-law, which made me remember in an instant all the grand hopes she had entertained for Phil, all her wild dreams of grandeur for the prettiest and most attractive of her daughters, and I felt much for her.

Mr. Otway was very subdued and quiet in his manner, and looked like one who had done another an injury, and had been forgiven. Oh surely to a generous mind, there is pain to bear in such a reconciliation, and I am sure that Louey and I had made a tacit agreement to show him all consideration and sympathy. Such a pardon as that which we extended to him is, from its very nature, painful to receive. The coals of fire cannot be borne without a groan.

His meeting with Phil was sacred ; she waited for him in the little sitting room looking out on the sea.

Then followed a repast, very substantial, yet tastily arranged with flowers. We were not allowed to call it a bridal breakfast ; and to divest it entirely of this character, papa would not permit the appearance of any cake whatever.

After a little restraint and silence, we got on cheerfully enough.

Louey was all gentleness and kindness to her new brother, and as to Hugh and Mr. Otway, any one who had seen them together might have thought that some real tie of relationship existed between them.

Once or twice as the time drew near for the

departure of the bride and bridegroom, papa called Phil—"poor girl"—in a tone that almost upset us. They were to spend their honey-moon at Montego Bay, and I saw that Phil had hard work to leave us with any degree of cheerfulness.

Mr. Otway looked uneasy, and not as I had fancied he would look, when possessed of such a treasure as Phil, and I could not help feeling how oppressive the gratified wish often becomes, when it has been impetuously or wrongfully obtained.

When the "good bye" really came, Phil lost all self-control, and wept freely on her mother's bosom. It was hard to part from her in such a mood, especially as she had whispered to me, "O Doss, I am so sorry I married him; I believe I do not love him." I did not breathe this speech to any one, neither did I make any answer when Phil spoke, but her words passed like a pang through my heart, leaving a pain there for many a long day.

But time passed on, the carriage took them off, and the red gold of sunset shone on our desolate hall—on the forsaken room where Phil, and Hugh, and I had sat communing together so far into the solemn night.

December 10th. Our days are so monotonous, that I have nothing worthy of note to put in my journal. Phil has written home twice. How earnestly I long for her letters, and how dissatisfied I feel when they do come.

This morning I found mamma resting her head on her arm, as she leaned with her elbow on the

table—Phil's open letter was in her hand. She looked up at me as I entered, and breathing a deep sigh which seemed to relieve her, she said, "Doss, I believe that you and Lucille will both marry better than Phil."

"But if Phil is happy," I answered, "if she is content with her husband, after all is it not a good marriage?"

"*If!*" exclaimed my mother with energy.

"Had she been queen of the land," I said, "and you and papa her obedient and loving subjects, she could not have had more of her own way than she has had in this matter of her marriage. Everyone has bowed to her wishes, and you, her parents, have covered over with love and kindness all her disobedience."

"That is true," my mother replied, "but not the more on account of the lenient way in which she has been dealt with is she likely to be happy. Mr. Otway's education, associations, and feelings are all different from hers; she will find this out soon, and tire of his society. Your sister is an undisciplined girl. She has been more petted and spoiled than either you or Louey; then will follow the supercilious look, the scornful tone; and before they are aware of it, they will be standing apart from each other."

December 20th. I don't know what we should do without Hugh. He is not what you would call a merry person, and yet it makes one's heart glad

to see him sitting by papa's side, or walking up and down the piazza with him.

The packet arrived yesterday, and I listened to my father and Hugh as they were discussing political matters. There is one Thomas Paine, a great political writer, who knows nothing of the love and fear of God. It seems he has written a work of most blasphemous tendency, which has made him very obnoxious to the English people, who are, on the whole, a God-loving nation.

It was written in answer to a work which Mr. Burke has lately published, called "Reflections on the French Revolution."

The Attorney-General has commenced a prosecution against Paine for his infidel work, and he has set off privately for France. Papa thought they had been a little too hard on him; but Hugh said, "No;" that the glory of England was her moral courage. And I thought he never looked more beautiful than when he turned round, and standing still with the golden evening sunlight falling on his hair, said, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father, with the holy angels."

Then I discovered from their continued discourse, that a pamphlet Paine had written a little while back, called "Common Sense," in which he advocated liberty—a pamphlet full of blasphemous thoughts and infidel principles—had made him

such a favorite with the French people, that it was reported they were going to make him a member of the National Convention.

Papa and Hugh discussed the character of Edmund Burke, the greatest statesman and orator of our age. My father said his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* had given him a high standing among men of letters. He is very much opposed to the revolutionary principles of France, which are getting greatly in vogue among some classes of English society.

From talking of Burke they went on to speak of Wilberforce, who, Hugh said, although inclined to favor to a certain extent the French revolutionists, yet did so from the best and purest motives; abhorring infidelity, whilst he favored liberty. The French nation had conferred on him the right of citizenship.

"He is a glory to any land," Hugh said, looking out on the broad cane-fields that lay beneath the twilight; "such true christian feeling rules his every action; and what he is doing for our poor people here, is, I am sure, put down in the book of God's remembrance."

Over papa's brow a cloud passed, but it was gone in a moment. He could not look in Hugh's face and retain anything like vexation at this remark; besides, he was a man of too much refinement and enlightenment not to be convinced in his own mind that Wilberforce was right in wishing to abolish the slave traffic, though no doubt interest

and conviction had sometimes a hard battle in his mind.

After this, the conversation glided on into other matters; and I had been so busy plying my fingers over my lace-cushion, (a pleasant work, in which I am making rapid progress), that they never once suspected I had been attentively listening to all their converse, so that I might note it down in my journal.

December 22nd. Phil and Leonard have returned from their tour. Phil said she must be with us at Christmas.

It seems so strange that we can talk to the proscribed Mr. Otway, and be with him as much as we like, and that Phil can sit with her head leaning on his breast before us all. Now that I have no longer any occasion to watch for opportunities for Phil to speak to him, much of the interest hanging around him seems to have vanished, and he is certainly somewhat more common-place than I had imagined.

I am glad he is Phil's husband, and not mine; though, indeed, if she thinks as I do, I shall grieve much for her life-long disappointment.

Perhaps those ladies were a little in the right when they said he was below par. I am almost afraid to write these thoughts in my journal, lest Phil should by any chance get to my book; but that cannot be, for I always keep it in my drawer, under lock and key, and I shall be more careful than ever of my keys whilst Phil is here.

There is a nameless something about Leonard which creeps out by degrees, and which neither Phil nor I had time to observe during our flurried association with him at the Sessions. It does not amount to vulgarity, but it is just the slightest degree of coarseness, which Phil would not feel, had she not been peculiarly the petted child of luxury. In such a style of life as ours, my father says, there is always a degree of over-refinement, which tends to the enervation of mind and body.

I have never thought much on this subject, but I know Leonard has a plain, hard way of dealing with daily life, which I am afraid, when the novelty of Phil's wifehood passes by, will grate harshly on her finer sensibilities.

Yet, withal, he is a man of good commercial education, and has a wonderful knowledge of arithmetic and geography.

I am afraid I am a silly, romantic girl, for having written as I have done about Mr. Otway.

December 23rd. Of all people in the world, who should come over to see us to-day but Paul Gilpin!

He did not know the Otways had returned from Montego Bay, and had come over expressly to make enquiries of mamma concerning Phil, for whom he really has a great regard.

I cannot imagine how we could fancy Mr. Otway superior to him in appearance. "Gentleman" is stamped on his every movement, and he has all that high breeding, that repose of manner, which is

generally met with in England only in the first circles.

I felt much for poor Phil, she looked so thoroughly ashamed of herself when she met Paul Gilpin ; but we cannot marvel at this, for when a girl makes a secret marriage in the way that Phil has done, it depreciates her very much in the minds of rightly-thinking persons, and casts a slur over her sense of propriety, and even her modesty.

However, I am sure Mr. Gilpin is a man who will think leniently of anyone, especially of a girl so young and sweet-looking as Phil. He saw at a glance her shamefacedness, but he has an adroit way of managing these little matters, and he soon put her quite at her ease, by conversing freely and pleasantly with her husband. In fact, he seemed mightily pleased with him, and I feared lest he should carry his acting too far, and so Phil should get an insight into his plans.

The dinner passed off much more pleasantly than I had expected. Papa was in one of his brightest moods. We had jests and charades, and laughed at our own efforts at wit with as much glee as if we had been really wonderful people.

I thought there had lately been a little distance between Hugh and Leonard, but even this melted away under the influence of the pervading jocularity.

I observed, during the afternoon, that Louey had much more tact than I had ever given her credit for: she prevented anything like continued conver-

sation between Phil and Paul Gilpin. Phil would have been so embarrassed if he had alluded to anything concerning the gaiety of the Sessions, which had been of such serious consequence to her; and so Louey drew him towards herself by her piquante remarks and droll sayings, preserving all her quietness of manner, but talking a great deal more than was her habitude.

As I strolled in the piazza after dinner with mamma, I noticed that she was sad at heart. "Poor Phil," she said, "this is truly a *mesalliance*;" from which remark I fancied that her train of thought must have been somewhat in accordance with what mine had been during dinner-time, and we got into talking very unreservedly together.

Mamma said Phil had no love whatever for her husband; that she had married simply from opposition, and from the feeling, so new to her, of patronization, and a certain kind of daring with regard to the opinion of society.

"You encouraged her too much, Doss," she said; "I believe if you had not upheld her, she would never have taken this foolish step; and the only way by which you can make amends for your conduct in this matter is, by obeying your parents implicitly with regard to your own marriage."

"I will, mamma," I said, "I will;" for just then I would have promised anything, although the recollection of my engagement stole uncomfortably over me; "if such be your requirement, I will make

this reparation, even if my marriage make both of us miserable."

"That is good and dutiful," my mother said, while a smile of conscious mental superiority just flickered on her lips; "A pretty business your sister has made of using her own judgment and having her own way.

"However, regrets are useless now the knot is tied, and I hope good sense will come to Phil's aid, when kindly feeling absents itself entirely."

"O mamma," I exclaimed, "you need have no fears for their happiness, for Leonard doats on his pretty bride."

"Softly, child, softly," she replied; "I know more of the world than you do; he admires her as one admires a toy, a wax doll; but he will soon discover how dissimilar are their tastes; he will find her wanting in those qualities which a man in his circumstances thinks essential for the education of of a wife.

"Then she will chafe and fret at the lack of those nameless little considerations, those delicate attentions to which she has been accustomed from her cradle; he will deem them useless and enervating, for it will not be in his power to give them to her; so disappointment will steal in upon their lives, and, without any outburst of dissension, the river of mental separation will widen between them."

Mamma always expresses herself fancifully when she is very much in earnest. It is just the contrary

with most persons. I suppose it arises from her association of many years with my father, who has great power of imagination, in spite of his deeper thoughts.

How grandly and beautifully the large stars were looking down on us as we thus conversed. If we lose in the West Indies the snugness of England's winter drawing-room evenings, of which aunt Ellie's friend Mr. Cowper says, that when the hissing and loud bubbling urn proclaims the hour of tea, they close the shutters, and wheel the sofa round, to face a bright *coal* fire, of course ; well, if we have not got all this, I think we make up for it, by the perpetual domestic kind of intercourse we maintain with balmy night. It pours in on us as we sit at dinner, and influences and subdues us in our converse together.

Although there is still a barrier of reserve between Hugh and me, I never should have known him as well as I do, had it not been for the walks in our pleasant piazza, where night nestles so lovingly.

Mamma had a good cry before she returned into the hall, and I felt so queer and low-spirited, I could not comprehend myself. I could not help feeling, that had I not encouraged Phil as I had done, this marriage would never have taken place ; though I must say I never thought the acquaintance would go beyond anything but a ball-room association, neither did Phil, I am sure ; but when girls, who have no experience of life whatever take so

serious a thing as the matter of marriage into their own hands, without any reference to the parents who have loved and guided them through life, do they not always, in some way or other, suffer for their disobedience? if not in actual wretchedness, is not the discipline of life carried on by a sense of intense disappointment—a silent, but perhaps life-long conviction of the folly of their disobedience?

When Hugh got an opportunity of speaking to me out of Phil's hearing, he said he hoped I would be implicitly guided by my parents with regard to my own marriage; and I felt in such a humble mood, so sorry for the wrong I had done Phil by my thoughtlessness, that although I knew he was referring to himself, what could I do but make answer, "Yes, indeed, I will, and endeavour by my obedience to make up to mamma for my share in promoting Phil's marriage to Mr. Otway."

Then Hugh talked very properly and sensibly, and said the idea girls generally formed of being in love was preposterous and absurd. "If they did not admire the turn and fall of every lock of their lover's hair, if they did not feel very much pleased by flattery, which in connexion with anything else but marriage, they would throw from them as fulsome and distasteful, they persuaded themselves that they ought not to take such a man for their husband.

"I have known sensible girls," he said, "grow all at once weak on this point, and I am persuaded,

Doss," he continued, looking very significantly at me, "those girls are happiest in their marriage who give themselves up to the guidance and direction of their parents.

"I grant," he added, "there are some exceptions to this as a general rule; but with parents so full of kind thoughts for their children as yours are, I am satisfied obedience would be the best course for each of you to pursue in any great life-under-taking."

All the time Hugh is speaking, I feel he is right; but when I am out of his presence, the old fear comes over me with regard to my engagement.

When Hugh brought me out into the candle-light, he insisted I had been weeping; and I must say I was glad enough to run away into my own room to wash my eyes and adjust my hair.

January 6th, 1793. Christmas is over. If it has not been a very merry one, it has been peaceful enough.

I do not seem to be more intimate with Leonard than when he first came to us, and something disappoints me in Phil.

I thought she would be so happy as Mr. Otway's wife; but a shade hangs over her, more like disappointment than actual sorrow.

He is kind to her, certainly, or, rather, I should say, not unkind; but I can quite imagine they felt that their hurried love-makings and stealthy meetings betokened something happier in married life than seems to be their lot. However, it is

too early to form any correct judgment on this point.

January 13th. Aunt Ellie has come to stay with us. Our home grows happier when she is in it.

Hugh said, and I thought rather prettily, that just as a man entering a room from a snow-storm, covered with sleet and cold, seems to change the atmosphere of the place, so that aunt Ellie, living in close communion with her God and Saviour, comes among us, shining with the pearl-drops of the River of Life, and our every-day employments certainly become less common-place, our daily cares are lightened, the atmosphere is changed, when she is with us.

Aunt Ellie has had a letter from good old Mr. Venn, and she is full of importance about it. How he lives on the promises of God; they are to him great treasure.

Since Phil's marriage I have grown more thoughtful. I seem to have a trust concerning her and her husband, that the Everlasting arms are around them.

The other night I dreamed that an angel fluttered over me with silvery wings, shaking from them the spray of peace and calm, so holy, that I felt for the time at the very portals of heaven. I thought the whisper of its wings as it passed formed itself into words, and said, "I will make darkness light, and crooked things straight before them: these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

I dare say many persons would call me enthusiastic and fanciful, could they see the note I have made of this dream, but it has comforted me not a little.

Mr. Romaine had been staying with Mr. Venn, and at the end of aunt Ellie's letter, in his own hand-writing, which really is pretty good for a man of eighty years of age, was the following observation: "Poor France! see the fruit of Voltaire's principles, now they are operating. Shew me an egg, and I will tell you what it will hatch. May God keep old England from such baneful influence. He only can do it."

"Copy out that in your journal," aunt Ellie said to me, and I have done so.

And indeed the French news by this packet is very unsatisfactory. The king is still prisoner, and every right-thinking person, aunt Ellie says, must feel solemnized at the signs of the times.

January 30th. I discovered from what mamma let drop in conversation to-day, that she has made arrangements for Leonard and Phil to remain with her for some months.

Leonard's income is not yet sufficient for house-keeping, and Phil's little property is so settled on her, that she cannot have it till she is of age.

They talked of taking a small house in Kingston, but we West Indians are so foolishly attached to large houses, that papa was quite in a fever at the very thought of his child's home being, as he said, no better than a negro-hut. And Phil carries her

head so high, one would think she had married a man with a large fortune.

I never before noticed in her the wish for a large house, for the reason, I suppose, that she had always lived in one.

So the idea of taking any house at all is given up for the present.

I am persuaded Leonard would have liked much better to have had his home all to himself with Phil ; but his objections have been over-ruled ; and though he has lost the bright look of enjoyment that danced in his eyes when we first knew him, there is a kind of patient cheerfulness about him that is all very well in its way, only it seems to indicate that his whole life is a trial.

I think aunt Ellie knows much more of the state of things between them than they do themselves. She had a very serious talk with Phil last evening, and though she sometimes addressed herself to me, I knew she meant every word for my sister.

It was at eventide that aunt Ellie talked to us ; at least the gold was on the cocoa-nut trees that fringed the bay, and the landscape was beginning to wear that softened look which tells that light is weary ; the large convolvuluses began to open, and stood out like snow-tufts on the dark trees ; the white pyramidal flowers of the mango-trees were becoming very conspicuous ; and that soft purple shadowing lay on the leaf, which is the sure har-binger of twilight.

I do not know whether it arose from my peculiar frame of mind, or from the effect of the sweet scenery before me, but every word that aunt Ellie said sunk into my heart. She spoke of the world as unsatisfying ; of its dearest enjoyments as being unable to satiate the hungry human soul ; she said that disappointment was sent to us as a discipline to teach us this great lesson ; and that if we were really God's children, we had always a work to do, to bear patiently whatever trial He put upon us.

"They also serve who only stand and wait." Dear aunt Ellie ! She looked as if she were speaking from experience ; and truly hers has been a life of patience.

February 5th. Leonard only comes to us twice a week. He is so far from Kingston, that he cannot make our house altogether his home. There is something painfully cold rising up like our valley-mist between these two. If ever I marry Hugh, I shall not go on with him in the cold-water sort of style that Phil does with her husband. But what am I talking about ? It is easy for a young maiden to say what she will do and what she will not do ; when she is a matron it is quite another thing. She has sworn fealty to her lord and master, and by his will she must be content to abide, even though the obedience cost her many a pang.

I am quite sure that Leonard and Phil have not congenial minds. It is true they manage to plod on together, but their tastes are not in accordance,

and they never converse together without getting into a bantering style of conversation, altogether at variance with the genial flow of converse between kindred spirits.

I dare say my dear father would call me romantic could he see what I have just written, but it is my pride and pleasure to reveal to my journal all my inner thoughts.

Who has any idea of the anxiety I feel concerning my sweet sister? None but you, my many-leaved book, know my fears; and good and faithful as you are, you will never betray me.

I used to think it would be such fun to have a married sister, but there is no gladness whatever in the thought that Phil is a bride.

When we stroll about at night in the piazza, Phil sits by her husband on the mahogany couch which has been out there from time immemorial; and I often wish, though I know all the time it is wrong, that I could see her sitting on the ground, as was formerly her habitude, by my father's old arm-chair, with the freedom of her girlhood hanging round her as a blessing. It has often seemed to me lately, that Phil's eyes are swollen with weeping.

Ah me! marriage is a serious thing, and no one should enter into it hastily. I had always invested it with a halo of happiness, but all my fancies of this kind are fading fast away.

Leonard is so matter-of-fact, and he will wear cotton shirts, because he says linen ones are too expensive a purchase for a man in his situation.

And then he talks to Phil about the expense of his washing-bill in Kingston—to Phil, of all people in the world, who I strongly suspect has never seen a washing-bill, for our laundresses are numerous, and are at our beck and call every day. And when Phil grows impatient at his remarks, my mother turns round upon her much more sharply than was her wont to do, and reproves her for thoughtlessness, saying it is the very best part of Leonard's character, that wish of his to make her careful.

Altogether our home is not what it was before Phil's marriage; there is an under-current of jarred feeling running beneath our daily employments. How many are affected by the false step of one!

April 30th. I hope, old journal, you will forgive my neglect. Indeed you ought to do so, for we made an agreement together that I was never to converse with you when I felt disinclined for that kind of confidential talking.

There has been a negro funeral this evening. I cannot tell why, but it always makes me melancholy to watch their strange, wild ways on these occasions.

Any new comer to this Island, uninitiated in negro doings, which certainly have a strong touch of barbarism about them, would be alarmed; as it is, I only pity them.

The young woman who has died this morning was one of our field-negroes. She was a merry,

light-hearted creature, and a great favorite with her companions.

The simple procession had to pass our house on its way to the burying ground. The mother of the deceased, and her aunts and sisters wept very loudly, or rather groaned, as they walked by the coffin. I did not observe that they shed any tears. Then all of a sudden the bearers turned from their course, and approached our house, one or two among them striking up, as they did so, a lively tune on the merrywang, a kind of rustic guitar of about four strings.

This instrument is simply a calabash cut open, with a dried bladder spread tightly across it, and it is fastened to a stick, which is adorned with many-colored ribbons.

After all, the instrumental music was only an accompaniment; the words rose high above the clanging sounds, and seemed to be complaining of the injustice of the Almighty, in letting sorrow fall upon them, a thing which I fear the most civilized of us are ready to do, though we should, perhaps, be ashamed to express our feelings in such plain terms.

Then the burden of their song all at once changed, bursting forth into reproaches against the deceased, and asking her, why, with plenty around her, with mangoes, and plantains, and yams, and as much sugar-cane as she could eat, and a very kind master, she could think of leaving them, and causing them all to weep and mourn for her.

Then one from the little concourse of people made answer for the dead girl, which, although expressed in that uncouth style which is the characteristic of all African speech, was, nevertheless, not without a degree of practical thought. It implied that the angels had called her, whispering to her so softly in the waving of the bamboos, and the moan of the billows ; that unless her ears had been prepared by the great Master of angels to catch such sounds, she would never have understood them.

When the girl was thus summoned, one of those around her said she was compelled to obey. It was a great mercy when the angels had such a power of fascination over the dying person, that all the joys and comforts of life seemed as nothing in comparison with the delight of dwelling for ever with the holy and the good, where life would be without its alloy of sorrow, love without anxiety, mirth without emptiness, peace without monotony, and freedom without starvation.

They have a strange way of setting forth these ideas ; but for your sake, my good old Diary, I merely express their poetical feelings, and take good care to clothe them in language meet for the pages of my father's present, my gold-clasped book.

Hugh was standing by me in the piazza, as thus I listened to the song. " Poor things," he said, with a look of intense pity passing over his fine countenance ; " poor ignorant creatures, I cannot help thinking we planters are much to blame in with-

holding from them the sweet and simple message of mercy through Christ Jesus.

"We try to smooth the matter over by saying to ourselves, and sometimes to each other, that we do all that is expedient; but indeed we do nothing."

"Yet they seem," I replied, "to have a vague and dreary notion of the rest that remaineth for the people of God—of that feeling of which I have sometimes heard aunt Ellie speak, the desire to die. What a pity this wish cannot be increased and sanctified till it rise into the Christian's desire to depart *and be with Christ*."

The ignorance of the negro race in respect to the great matter of salvation is lamentable, though I question if the white people know or think very much about it. Aunt Ellie and Hugh are the only ones of our home circle who seem to have any serious thoughts; and I can see very well that aunt Ellie, kind as she is, is out of her element when she comes among us; she cannot talk to us freely of the things lying nearest her heart.

Grandmamma says that we are better than we used to be; that in the towns some of the principal families are beginning to attend church.

Hugh was vastly pleased with the remarks I made, and expressed his approbation by pushing my hair from my face, and lightly kissing my cheek.

What could have made him do this? From his peculiar look and smile, I think an idea was

passing through his mind ; a feeling, that after all, my thoughts were not utterly at variance with his.

Just at this time the funeral train made for our lower rooms, and with groans and singing commenced to pass through them. Hugh and my father ran downstairs, entreating them to turn back. They answered my father most indignantly, asking him if they could control the wind, or stay the mountain torrent in its course. How was it possible, they said, that they could restrain the dead ? They seemed to think it quite irreverent and profane to question the will of the departed ; for the bearers belonged to that set of African negroes, who sometimes pretend that the corpse will not proceed to the grave in the course chosen for it ; and now they affirmed it was carrying them from room to room.

My dear father humoured them in the matter as long as they were content with wandering about downstairs ; but when they attempted to come up the stone flight of steps to our hall, he grew angry with them, desiring them to desist from their purpose.

I must say I was very glad when Hugh came and stood by my side.

It was very foolish of me to be frightened, but though I have lived all my life among negroes, I cannot get over the horror that I have of their wild, odd ways.

I knew my face grew white, and that Hugh could

see this, even in the flickering moonlight. All this while the negroes were knocking at the coffin, pretending that they were pacifying the corpse, which they declared was angry with my father for arresting its progress. They would have had us believe it could not rest peaceably in its grave till its humours were indulged to the utmost ; and I believe they thought my father's morality was at a very low ebb, that he could thus battle with the tenants of the spiritual world.

I cannot tell why, but I feel nervous and uncomfortable to-night, as I sit up writing in my Diary. The toads are hissing much louder than usual, and some dogs we keep down at the works are howling fearfully.

And yet I do not wonder I am thus melancholy, for just beyond the mango-trees is the negro burying-ground, and the land-breeze is bearing up the sound of their wild music, in which the drum-like gaamba is distinctly prominent. It has a strangely grating sound, but this arises from the peculiar way in which the instrument is used ; for the gaamba is a block of wood hollowed out, and covered with sheepskin. One man beats with all his might on this tightly-drawn skin, while another, with two short sticks made sharp at the end, scratches the wooden part of the instrument, thereby producing a discordancy of sound to which it is difficult to attach any idea of music.

May 5th. Packet news. Hugh's face becomes

lighted up into great brightness when there is any intelligence from old England.

All breakfast time he and papa were discussing political matters.

Since the execution of the French king, Louis XVI., which took place on the 21st of January, the disposition of the British cabinet to join the confederacy against the French republic has become very apparent. M. Channelin, the minister plenipotentiary from the court of France, has been dismissed. He was told that his new letters of credence from the republic could not be received at court; and he had rather an abrupt discharge, for he was ordered to leave the country within eight days.

The French republic immediately issued a declaration of war against the King of Great Britain, and the Stadtholder of Holland. This is most exciting and interesting news for us far-away colonists. My heart beat when I heard of the declaration of war, though Hugh and papa think that I care nothing whatever for all this news. It seems a prevailing idea that women cannot understand politics. Perhaps they cannot, but they can feel and think; and I, who have never set my foot on English ground, can be eager for the honor and welfare of my home and country, my dear ancestral land.

It may seem like a paradox to call that distant land in the cold northern seas my home, but let me tell you, dear old journal, that I never look forward

into the future, I never take a trip into dream-land, without England being my resting place, the haven after much wandering.

Just as the packet left England, a large body of British troops had been sent off to the continent, under the command of the Duke of York, and alliances are being entered into with Austria, Prussia, Spain, Holland, and Russia.

Dear, dear, where will all this end! It makes one feel uneasy, these wars and rumours of wars, and fills my heart with a fear for the future, for which I have no definite cause.

I am not the least in love with Hugh; he is too reserved to be fascinating; but I have a strange feeling of protection connected with him. If only his eye rests on me when we are speaking of the troublous doings in France, I am comforted; and this morning our breakfast talk was of that uneasy and anxious kind, that it made me glad to be near him.

When I expressed my feelings of disquietude this afternoon to aunt Ellie, who is staying with us, she said, "Dear child, all this should only send you further under the shadow of the Great Wing."

She, too, had had her packet letters. One was from grandmamma's sister, and contained the intelligence that Louis Philippe, Duke of Chartres, had left the French capital in a fright, and escaping to the Austrian territory, had set off in disguise for Switzerland. At the frontier of France he was joined by his sister Adelaide, and Madame de

Genlis, who were leaving the country in great fear for their lives.

Aunt Ellie says, "God speed them on their way." Madame de Genlis is a woman who is making herself a great name in the world of letters. My father says it would be well if among the wise and learned there were more with Madame de Genlis' simplicity of heart and fearless judgment.

"Adela and Theodora," "The Evenings at the Castle," "The Theatre of Education," were all written by her; and they are works we so love, that the author seems our friend.

What a wonderful power is that of writing! taking hold of men's minds in a magical way, and leaving your influence behind you, so that being dead you are yet speaking.

Papa says authorship is a serious responsibility—a talent held in trust for the Great Master—and that it never should be connected with caprice or frivolity.

I do not think I shall ever have courage to write a book. Perhaps I shall be answerable even for my journal, for I am afraid some frivolity has crept in on its pages. However, it is not likely that my private memorandum of our household life will ever influence the world.

May 6th. It is poor Phil's birthday. I do not know why I should call her poor, for is she not blessed with a husband who is most diligent in business for her sake?

I think we have acquired our great pity for Phil

through mamma, who always speaks privately to Louey and me of this marriage as a great sacrifice on the part of her favorite child.

Dear Phil, then, I will call her. I have just given her a cross and chain, which I have made for her out of our soap-berries. We have many of the soap-trees on the hills around us. My father says they very much resemble in their size and the color of their bark the English ash-tree. The berries are round and black, and the tree derives its name from the hard skin in which they are contained ; for this skin rubbed in water produces a lather exactly like that of our common white soap, and a few of these skins used in washing will go a great way ; but it is considered hurtful to the linen to make use of this lather, and therefore mamma is always vexed with our people when they do so.

Louey gave Phil a famous cushion, which she had stuffed herself, from a plant called "Old Man's Beard ;" so that our birthday presents to Phil were of the simplest kind, and emphatically country gifts. And indeed it is well for us that we can turn the things about us to some account in this way, for we have no fancy shops near us where we can buy any little ornament or keepsake. Even in Kingston, which is the chief seat of merchandise in our island, there is no display of anything in the shop windows ; were the goods thus exhibited, the glare and heat of the streets would soon take all beauty from them.

They are dull-looking houses, and as for the

inside of the shops, neither mamma, Louey, nor I have ever seen them. Papa says they are no fit places for ladies. We always send in our man with one of our carriages to town, and quantities of goods are sent to us for inspection.

Mamma tells me, that in London, the shops in Oxford Street and Bond Street are something worth seeing by lamp-light; and that in that country titled ladies will sit for an hour before the counter, chatting together, while all the treasures of the shop are laid before them, and they toss about this thing and that thing, with an air of nonchalance that must very much try the patience of those attending on them.

The owner of the shop knows, however, well enough, that the coronetted carriage standing at his door will repay him for all this trouble; and my father says, that these ladies, albeit they are of high estate, do not hesitate to chop and change the things they have purchased, and will beat down the shopman till he lets them have many articles at half their value, just for the sake of their patronage. Truly this is a bad state of things, for the owner of the shop very often repays himself for the money he has thus lost, by extorting more than is just from some poor unknown customer.

Louey's cushion looked lovely, for she had embroidered it most skilfully. The stuffing succeeded admirably. The fibres of the plant called "Old Man's Beard," stripped of their outward membrane, looked exactly like the black horsehair used for

dining-room chairs and couches. It was great fun to see Louey soaking this stuff in water, and then getting it boiled, preparatory to drying it for use.

Dear Louey, how stealthily she tripped across to the kitchen, that she might get at the blazing wood fire. Papa would have been so angry if he had found out she was there!

May 10th. I think Hugh has taken up his abode with us. For the last three weeks I am sure he has never visited his estate. He seems more like one of our family than Leonard.

This morning I took my early ride with him, unaccompanied by papa, and I was happier and more at my ease with him than I have ever been before when we were alone together.

How beautiful the sugar-fields look, with the reedy canes bending to the over-passing air. Hugh said that persons who had spent all their lives in England had no idea of the delicate beauty of such a landscape. He told me, that though the English wheat-field was a lovely sight ripe unto harvest, that it had not the peculiar beauty of the sugar-field.

The pliant and graceful sugar-reeds, with their arrow-shaped blossoms of a light and airy purple, swept as waves are swept on the ocean by every breath of air, and presenting an undulating surface on to the far horizon, have a most pleasing effect on the stranger who gazes at them for the first time.

Even the monotony of cashaw-land, spreading out over the sands, lost its dreary aspect this morning.

We did not reach home till the sun was high, and mamma was a little uneasy. She said my face was flushed, and that my eyes were swollen, and she took Hugh to task most energetically.

It was really a novel thing to hear her scolding him, and we all had a hearty laugh. Hugh pretended to be very meek, but he looked very knowingly at mamma, and said he took as much care of me as if I had been his own child ; whereupon mamma pouted, and said, a pretty sort of parent he would make if such were his way of proceeding.

Our homeward ride had been quite out of the way, for we came round by the Mahogany Walk, as it is called. We rode leisurely along under the shadows of some beautiful mahogany trees that run along the base of the hill-land, and in their soft, green light forgot the advance of day.

They were cutting down some of these trees. The wood is most beautiful at the lowest part of the trunk, for there it is knotted and veined, and very much resembles tortoiseshell.

Hugh has been throwing out hints to me of the duty of obedience to parents. He has spoken to me very plainly of Phil's discomfort as the consequence of her rashness and disobedience, and said I had yet to atone for my part in that business for the encouragement I had given Phil.

"You expect such impossible things, Hugh," I answered, rather nettled. "How can I make matters better between Leonard and Phil?"

"Gently, gently, Doss," he replied; "you can act like a right-minded and docile young woman in the matter of your own marriage; you can leave it with your parents, and rely confidently on their love and judgment concerning you."

The color mounted to my face, and I became strangely agitated, for I felt Hugh's eyes were upon me, and I knew very well what he meant.

It rose up strong in my mind to tell him, that if I could only think he cared for me, and was not simply as an old friend of the family, carrying out a favorite project of my father's, that my own inclination would lead me to act as my parents desired concerning marriage. But in the heart of every delicately-educated girl there is a degree of maidenly reserve, which keeps her from expressing too impulsively her feelings on matters of this nature; and so I only said that I would certainly do everything my father thought right. And I know I looked very uncomfortable, for I felt very sheepish and awkward, and it was some time before I could recover my usual ease of manner.

Only Hugh is the right one for chasing away anything like stiffness, and by the time I reached home, I felt almost myself again. I believe, however, my flushed cheeks had more to do with this

conversation than with the heat of the morning that had overtaken us.

May 11th. The lightning is very vivid to-night. I have actually lighted my candle, for I cannot sleep, and I shall have a little talk with my journal.

The sea has that peculiar moan in it which is the harbinger of the seasons, and there is a continuous but low roll of thunder far away. Then the toads are hissing, and the bats seem in a great turmoil. I hear the flapping of their wings in the roof of the wooden piazza, where every sound is increased by a dull kind of reverberation.

How sad it is to see Leonard and Phil bound so close together, and yet so far apart. I am sadly afraid all their love for each other was imaginary. And Phil is getting very irritable, she who had the sweetest disposition of us all.

Ah me! it must be a sad thing to find you have no affection in your heart for one whose future is to be enwrapped with yours; and worse than even this must be the consciousness that you cannot honor him as you would wish. You may make up your mind to obey, but honor is independent, and will not come at one's bidding.

I think dear mamma sometimes does harm unintentionally, by the hints and inuendoes she throws out concerning good blood, and the expediency of marrying educated persons.

Not that she says anything of this kind before Leonard—she would not for the world. With Phil it is another matter; but she takes it all meekly

and patiently, though with Louey and me she is snappish and unreasonable.

I believe that in his hard, matter-of-fact, uncompromising way, Leonard loves her, but he feels out of his element with us all ; and as to any playful demonstration of affection, he knows nothing at all about it.

We are obliged to be very careful before him, to look as if we did not pity Phil. I wish we could make them understand each other better, though papa says they comprehend each other too well. Yet, in spite of the many discomforts attending his marriage—for I cannot call Leonard's living with us a happy arrangement—in spite of all this, I think he would be very sorry to lose Phil ; and she too, though continually worried by his queer ways, and different ideas of right and wrong from herself, cares more for him than she imagines ; at least I am of this opinion sometimes, though now and then she looks at him with great distaste.

Aunt Ellie had a loving-serious talk with Phil the other day.

I was not sitting very near them, and being out in the piazza, from the rustling and whispering of the orange trees, I lost a great deal of what she said. But I could hear that she was speaking to Phil of her present situation, as being part of the heavenly education, the discipline of the soul.

She said if Phil found her married life a trial to her, let her take heed that it wrought in her the peaceable fruit of righteousness.

And much more she said in the way of sweet and holy counsel, which I am sure must have lain as dew on Phil's heart.

With the exception of a few remarks that mamma sometimes makes, I am sure that no one of us encourages Phil in the idea that she has made an unfortunate marriage.

Indeed, Louey quite came out the other day on the subject—for she is by far the most reserved of our family—and she said that Phil spoke most tartly and unbecomingly to her husband. And though Phil flounced and pouted at being thus rebuked by her sister, Louey kept her ground, and said that Leonard had no smiles of welcome when he returned home jaded and weary in the evening.

"I wish you had married him yourself," cries Phil.

"I cannot wish that," gently replies Louey, "but I wish, that having married him, you would learn to love him, and endeavour to make him happy during the short time that he is with you."

"I dare say you would do wonders, Louey," replied Phil, "only you do not know what it is to be bound to a man who looks on life through a very different medium from yourself;" and Phil burst into a violent flood of weeping, and said harsher things to Louey than I had ever heard come from her lips before.

Louey was not in the least resentful; she said to me afterwards, alluding to Phil, "Poor child! the waters of her heart are troubled, and the spray of words must have bitterness in them."

Phil looks jaded and weary, and has lost all the joyousness of girlhood. She is not like the same being who danced the night out with Mr. Otway, in spite of mamma's frowns.

But I am telling my Diary all this of Phil, and I am not saying one word about Leonard. I think he has a great deal to complain of, and it distresses me beyond measure, when I see him sitting listlessly on the old couch, or walking moodily in the piazza ; for Phil is never at his side now, and yet a few months ago they would be hours and hours together. I have not experience of life enough to understand why they are so unloving, but I believe there is love between them still, though they vex and cloud it so often by sullenness and discontent.

I am almost ashamed to own it, but Phil's apathy is so painful to me, that I was rejoiced the other evening when they came to a fair quarrel.

Phil looked exquisitely pretty in her childish, panting defiance, and Leonard grew very determined ; yet admiration for his lovely wife was shining out in his eyes, and he was, I plainly saw, afraid to trust himself to look at her, lest he should relent.

And so they battled on, till my father came up, and taking Phil by the hand led her away. He was in earnest conversation with her for some time, and she was in a very softened mood, when she joined us again ; and though I would not for the world tell anyone, and only commit it privately to my

journal's keeping, Leonard had been weeping in the piazza ; and I feared lest papa should discover it, for his face and eyes were much swollen. However, whatever papa's suspicions might have been, I am sure he would have kept them all to himself.

A kind of sorrow has sprung up from this marriage of Phil's which pervades our whole household.

Aunt Ellie says we must look on the bright side of things ; and Hugh declares we cannot do this unless we abide as she does in the rays that fall from the Father's throne.

"Standing in that light," Hugh continued, "affliction loses its dusky character, and we see that all is working together for our good."

September 15th. Certainly, as far as regards beauty, the northern side of the island of Jamaica has the pre-eminence.

I can hardly find words to express what I mean, but there is more poetry in the prospect now around me than is to be found anywhere on the southern side of the island.

I have no doubt it is the frame of mind in which I am, which in a measure causes me to form this estimate of hill and dale ; and yet very palpably beautiful is the outspread world before me.

I write in the piazza. Evening is just beginning to lay her softening touch on plain and mountain. Towards the west, and all crimsoned by the sunset, a stream is singing on its way to the ocean—the

deep blue ocean—which is intensely lovely just now, wrapped in golden shadows.

Truly it may be said of the town of Montego Bay, that it is beautiful for situation ; and if it be not the joy of the whole earth, it certainly will ever be associated in my mind with the memory of happiness.

The air is soft and balmy, and a clear blue sky, over which the faintest possible hue of purple is spreading, over-arches all. It is almost too dark to write. The beautiful datura is unfolding, and the bats are flitting to and fro across the red river of sunset. But the evening gold still glitters on the arrowy heights of the cocoa-nut trees, and here and there a mountain-cabbage rises above even these, distinguished only by its spiral summit, and a certain stateliness of appearance peculiar to itself.

As I look to the left, there is an old country house, quite devoid of beauty, but rendered attractive by the trees that have gathered round it. It is embosomed in tamarind trees, and the white-flowered mahoe, and the purple logwood stand in clusters round.

Hugh, my *husband*—yes, dear old Diary, the secret will out—says, that Montego Bay is a rising town. People are beginning to discover not only that its harbour is excellent, but that there are various natural productions in this parish which may be turned to good account by attention and cultivation, for the soil is excellent.

On the slope of the hill, a little nearer to the sea

than we are, is a large sugar-estate, in the possession of one Mr. Forrest. His grandfather came from England with his wife, a poor man. He bought a small parcel of land, and with the assistance of one or two negroes whom he hired, he contrived to build himself a small house after the fashion of the negro-hut. On the land around this little dwelling he planted with his own hands sugar-canes. When they were ripe, his wife assisted him to press from them the juice, which they boiled in an old cauldron, and so manufactured a little sugar, taking it themselves to market, where it found a ready sale. And from this small beginning they got on, purchased more land, bought slaves, erected works, and in less than twenty years became landed proprietors, leaving their estate to their only grandson, the present possessor of the property.

Hugh says, "Patience and perseverance, with a firm reliance on God, will do wonders in the way of overcoming difficulties, and taking hold of success." And Hugh is always right.

And so my secret is out, and I have told you, my discreet and faithful journal, that Hugh—dear, wise, good, noble Hugh, is my husband! Who am I, that I have attained such a gift? If he be mercifully spared to me, I feel that I must necessarily lead a happy life, even to the end of my days; and with God's help I will do my best to grow more and more worthy of him, so that he may

never slacken in kindness to me, or stint me of the love he now gives me.

Yes, we are spending our honeymoon at this pleasant place. I often ask myself, Has anyone before me ever been so happy as I now am? What great love I have won. Strange that tears blind my eyes as I write this; but they are not tears of sorrow.

My husband's step! my husband's voice! Hide away, Diary; I have better things to do than to converse with you! "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

September 20th. Hugh is out to-day, so you and I, my good Diary, will have a long confab together.

You would be but an imperfect journal after all, if I did not put into your keeping some little account of the way in which my marriage came about.

One day, at home, papa called me to him, and said he wished to have a little serious talk with me.

He was silent for some time; and then, putting his arm round me, he asked me if I was prepared to be an obedient and dutiful daughter.

"Yes, papa," I replied, but my voice faltered, and my cheek grew very pale, certainly not from unhappiness, but from very great agitation.

"You no doubt have borne in mind," continued my father, "your solemn engagement to Hugh, at what you then thought my dying bed.

"I have carefully avoided any allusion to this engagement till the present time, fearing to dis-

compose or distress you. I have endeavoured to bring you up in upright and honorable principles, with a sense of the submission and obedience which you owe to your parents, and I shall now see if my child will repay me for my life-long concern for her, or rather, I should say, for the care I have bestowed on her for nearly half my life. Poor Phil failed me sadly, and I need not remind you that you owe me some reparation for the encouragement you gave her.

"We have fixed that in a few weeks your marriage with Hugh is to take place."

"O papa," I cried, "so soon, so very soon?" And I leaned my head on his shoulder, and wept softly and gently for some time; but they were not tears of sorrow.

All the while there was rising up in my heart a feeling which I am powerless to describe—a persuasion of some great blessing in store for me; then and there, as I lay with my head on my father's breast, to all appearance regretting the obedience I was about to yield to my parents, I took into my heart a sense of happiness, which, thank God, has never left me, but which deepens every day; though I am persuaded that not yet do I fully realize the greatness of God's bounty towards me.

I cannot say that I had been a petted or spoiled child. I had been accustomed to surrender my will to my father, though the obedience had sometimes tried and irritated me sadly; but my

obedience on this occasion brought me nothing but peace and contentment.

Well, papa said nothing to check my weeping, which gradually subsided; and when I raised my head, I found Hugh sitting by his side. Then all at once the old feeling came over me, only it was shame and fear, rather than sorrow: shame at the feeling of satisfaction that filled my heart, and great fear lest Hugh should discover that I had, as it were all unsought, been won; for never, oh never, had Hugh been a lover of mine; so I sat there, drooping my head and looking foolish enough.

At length Hugh said, cheerily, and without ever asking me to look at him, that he wished our wedding to be on his birthday, the first of September. "May it be so?" he enquired, addressing me.

I answered "Yes," without raising my eyes from the ground. I tried to appear composed, but my heart beat so violently, that I trembled exceedingly.

Then Hugh tenderly put his hand on mine as it lay on the couch; and this was all, for he walked on out into the hall, and I saw him no more that evening.

After this, you, my dear old journal, were neglected; for I seemed to live in a kind of flurry, never settling long to one thing. I sometimes tried to read, but over the pages spread the dreamy mist of thought.

We were all soon busy enough with my trousseau, and the time flitted away very, very swiftly. I

certainly should have liked Hugh to have been on more sociable terms with me; and I once hinted this to papa, who said, "Never fear; all is right, my child; trust your old father." And he kissed me, and this greatly encouraged me.

So the morning of the wedding came. We were to be married by special license. My breakfast was brought to me in my bedroom, and I had but to walk out into the drawing room, where the guests were assembled, and the clergyman standing in the midst of them, with an open prayer-book. As I entered the room, Hugh, without looking at me, walked up to the clergyman, and my father led me to his side. Before I had time to think, the service had commenced, and in a few minutes we were man and wife.

I shall never forget the thankful happiness that filled my heart, as Hugh, turning round and kissing me kindly, said with great feeling, though very softly, "My treasure, my own Doss!"

Oh! surely this was no marriage of obedience only, this was something more than the carrying out of a favorite project of my father's. The truth was slowly dawning on me, we had long grown to love each other.

When the ceremony was over, I hurried to my chamber, and there, falling on my knees, I poured out my whole heart in gratitude and love to Him who had done so much for me. Louey surprised me before I had risen from my knees, but she is such a gentle, good creature, that I did not mind her.

She brought me a glass of wine, and then saying she feared she had disturbed me, she told me that it gladdened her heart to find me thus engaged; and in the plenitude of my joy, I said I was thanking God for letting me be Hugh's wife.

She could not answer me. Large tears were rolling down her cheeks, which showed me how very much she felt, for Louey had learned the lesson of self-discipline, and had her feelings generally under great control.

There was a good deal of real mirth at our wedding breakfast, though we had not many strangers among us, for Louey was my only bridesmaid. Everyone remarked the beautiful look of purity and truth that shone in her eyes, as she stood near me on that eventful morning, in her clear white dress and beautiful pearl-wreath, symbolical of the transparency and simplicity of her character.

What a child I was! I remember several times during breakfast looking down with great delight on my wedding ring; I thought I had managed this very cleverly, but Louey found me out, and had a sly laugh at me for my folly.

Phil and her husband were in excellent spirits; and really there was no great manifestation of sadness from the family group that was assembled at the doorway when I stepped into the carriage that was to bear me from my childhood's home, though I thought afterwards, but not at the time, of the deep expression of yearning love that rested on my mother's face.

As I leaned back in the carriage by Hugh's side, "Doss," he said, I love you, dearly, fondly, and with my whole heart." Many kind words he has since spoken to me, by many endearing names he has called me, but never did sound form itself into sweeter music for my ear, than when thus for the first time he acknowledged his love for me.

"I am sure you love me," I answered, for I saw deep feeling beaming in his eyes and irradiating his whole face. "And oh! Hugh," I said, while a not unpleasing sense of diffidence crept over me, "there is some strange mistake about the whole of this matter; and I am afraid I have been deceiving myself very much, for you are very dear to me, and it is my pride and honor to be your wife." Then I broke down completely, and wept in my husband's arms.

I dare say, if any third person had heard all Hugh said to me, he would have thought it very silly, and that I did not in the least deserve such commendation. I must own I had a strong conviction that he was making me out far better than I really was, and I told him plainly nothing would ever make me feel I was worthy of such a husband.

Then he went on to explain to me all the circumstances which had so mystified me.

He said his fear was so great, that if he came to me as a suppliant for my hand I should refuse him, that he could not risk the happiness of his life on a common-place proposal of marriage—he could

not cast on the stake of a single word from me, all that was to make life dear to him.

"So then, Doss," Hugh continued, "I told your father the dilemma I was in, and asked him to secure you for me through your loving obedience for himself. Let me own, dearest," he said, "that all the while I had a dim persuasion you were not indifferent to me, but I feared you would refuse me, from a perversity of feeling that had sprung up within your mind from the peculiarity of our association together."

"I soon saw, however, that your whole heart was mine, and I was obliged to keep aloof from you, lest you should discover my manœuvre.

"You had no artifice whatever about you, and long before you thought you cared for me, it was evident to all that your heart was safe in my keeping. I do not in the least know how I managed to win you, but after our engagement at your father's bedside, you began to think of me very differently from what you had ever done before—to think of me seriously, and really to love me. I felt God was with me, favouring my wishes; and long before this marriage day, I knew you were in heart and in spirit mine."

"What a silly girl I was, Hugh," I replied, as I hid my face in my hands to cover my blushes; "what a silly girl I was not to suspect that I loved you all along!"

"Don't you remember, Doss," he said, smiling his very pleasantest smile, "when my horse reared so

frightfully that you almost fainted with alarm for me?"

"Yes, Hugh," I said; "and when you took me to task very sharply for having aided and abetted Phil concerning her marriage, I remember I ran away, in order to conceal my tears, which would flow at your rebuke, though I had stood unmoved a battery of scolding words from mamma just before."

And so we talked on, sometimes getting into a silence which was full of speech as long as we looked at each other.

September 30th. People would naturally say, "Yours are young bridal days, Doss; you cannot in any degree judge what your future will be."

I would laugh at these wise ones, and tell them I have got an insight into it of which they little dream.

Hugh's high principles are so powerfully fixed within him, he stays himself so implicitly on his God, that I feel persuaded he cannot go very far wrong, even in this world of evil.

There is something so true and energetic in his character, something so impressive in his words and actions, that he is the very being to lead forward in the right faith an inexperienced girl like me.

And then to think, that from his own eminence of education and information—and papa says he is first-rate—to think that he could look down and choose me to cheer and love him on his way.

Perhaps, if I had been an English girl, I should not have prized Hugh so much; and yet I have often heard mamma say, that in English society women greatly preponderated over the men; nay, she said it was a great thing if a girl in a good position met with a man her equal who was willing to marry her. Men, she said, would eat the father's dinners, and drink his good wine, flattering the daughters, and flirting with them, taking good care all the while never to commit themselves by any too ardent expression of devotion; but it is very seldom that in daily familiar life one like Hugh was to be met with, so brave and true, so honest and upright in purpose.

And indeed this is not to be marvelled at, for I question if there be many his equals in the whole wide world.

What do you think, dear old journal, he said to me this morning? Why, he said there were many things in which I could be his little counsellor; for that women often unravelled a knotty subject more skilfully and quickly than men, and oftentimes had a shrewder insight into character.

Oh! I cannot think he meant all this! At least he must have been carried away for the time, by the over-estimating ideas he has formed of me.

He is the very man to keep me from being wrongly careful about household matters, or indeed about any matters at all.

He says he does not at all approve of the way in which ladies speak to their slaves in this country;

that the mildest and gentlest of us assume a tone and manner when addressing a negro, which, to say the least of it, is unbecoming and unlovely.

"Will you be careful, Doss," he continued, very gravely, not to follow the prevailing fashion in this matter? It would distress me beyond measure were I to hear the imperious or haughty command from you."

Of course I promised to be very watchful over myself. He kissed me affectionately, called me his docile pupil, and added, with one of his sweetest smiles, "You will be rewarded by Him in whose sight the meek and quiet spirit is a pearl of price."

I sometimes feel glad I am not perfect—that I am not just all Hugh wishes me to be. It is so pleasant to be trained and guided by him.

He is so wise, and good, and cheerful; and he says that anxiety must be pushed away into the grim distance: that when trouble really comes, strength will be given us to bear it.

October 3rd. We are at home—at Hugh's home, that looked so desolate once, long ago, when papa and I paid a visit there.

The old picture of Columbus and his sons seems wonderfully brightened up. I cannot imagine how I ever thought the house lonely.

What a charming library Hugh has! He says he hopes I shall read there with him much that is instructive and profitable. And very pleasantly he has placed the soft-cushioned lounging chair for me there. It stands not far from his writing table, and

commands a gentle, loving view of a fine sheet of water, reaching down to the dark-chimneyed works.

In the farthest distance are the everlasting mountains, over which the intense heat spreads the thinnest possible veil of mist.

It is so good of him to let me sit in his library. I am looking out now from my corner on some hurdles, and a gate, grey and broken from age, over which a hoary cotton-tree is bending.

A gigantic old tree it is, and seems quite conscious of its dignity ; for though stooping, it is lord of the place. Nearer to our house are some rich mango trees ; from their plenitude of shadow they are scattering darkness on the world beneath them.

October 29th. It is quite impossible that I can write in my journal every day. I cannot employ myself enthusiastically about anything that does not regard Hugh ; and yet I am sure, if my journal be a faithful record of my daily life, it must be full of thoughts about my husband ; for everything I do, or feel, or think, seems interwoven with him.

I should not like to have lived in the times of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, when the essence of a husband's love was diluted till it spread over many wives.

There is a secret source of happiness within me, arising out of the consciousness that we are all in all to each other ; and yet I think, I hope I love God more for His bounty towards me.

Hugh suddenly grew thoughtful this afternoon, and I said to him, "A penny for your thoughts,

my dearest ;" using the word penny, of course, proverbially ; for we have no copper coin in this country—our slaves will have nothing to do with dirty coppers, they say. I have seen the English pennies. Papa has some in his desk, with our good old king George's head stamped on them, which he keeps as a relic of his schoolboy days. Our smallest coin, according to the Spanish currency prevalent in this island, is five-pence, a small silver piece, equalling in value three English pence. Then we have the macaroni, the tenpence, the bit, and half-bit. Papa says all this is quite unlike English money. The doubloon is the most beautiful of our golden coin. It is worth three English guineas, and they tell me it is very like a crown piece, only gold, and not quite so thick.

My dear, kind old Diary, will you forgive me for not conversing with you in a more connected style ?

I was telling you how I had offered Hugh a penny for his thoughts ; well, so I did, and I called him "my dearest."

It seems strange that I can address him so familiarly ; but the awe I used to feel for him has given place to a kind of honoring regard, which does not in the least check my freedom of conversation with him.

Hugh made answer to me very sweetly. "I was wondering, my treasure," he replied, "if our hopes, and prayers, and aspirations went up to the Heavenly throne enfolded in each other."

"I think they must," I answered; "I am sure in this world they are very closely connected."

And when I told him how he had led me to think more seriously of religion than I had ever done before; how he had led me to understand that even on me, a weak, ignorant girl, the power of Christ could so rest, that I could do great and wise things; that I could be a wife meet for him; he turned away from me to conceal his emotion, but I had caught a glimpse of the large tears standing still in his eyes.

Then he turned round, and looking on me with tenderness inexpressible, "Doss," he said, "it has been my prayer for some time that I might lead you to think and feel more seriously; for though you have been morally educated, though your father is a noble-minded man, and your mother an excellent woman, there has been a lack in your family of those higher and holier influences which bring such blessings down on our everyday life.

"It is true aunt Ellie always brought in with her, when she visited you, a beaming from the better land; but the spirit of the world, like the land-breeze on the lamp, blew out that light when she left you.

"Doss, can you forgive me for speaking thus plainly of your childhood's home?"

"I have nothing to forgive, dear Hugh," I said; "I have only cause for thankfulness. I little dreamed," I continued, blushing at my ignorance, "what manner of spirit you were of."

It seems nothing to take note of these simple conversations in my Diary, and yet I believe the record is not in vain.

In times of weakness and sorrow, how gladdening it will be to look back on his cheering words ; and it is a present pleasure to me to write of my beloved, for whilst so doing I seem again to be conversing with him.

Hugh will not look in my gold-clasped book, though I have asked him to do so.

After all, I am not quite sure I should like him to see everything I have written concerning him. He says it would ruin my journal if any eye but mine were to look on its pages.

October 31st. Phil and Leonard have come over to spend a few weeks with us.

Hugh thought the change would recreate them ; though when you carry about a sorrowful heart within you, outward circumstances have not the power of infusing cheerfulness into the spirit.

It is true that the mind may be diverted in a measure from its sorrows by the hilarity around it, but the end of such mirth is heaviness.

I cannot help thinking that when Phil sees how happy I am with my dear husband, how I strive to anticipate his wishes, that she may question herself concerning her behaviour towards Leonard.

If she do this, she will soon learn something of herself ; for conscience, when called upon to speak, never glosses over the matter with any one of us ; and I observed to-day that she regarded my hus-

band and me, as we sat together, with great thoughtfulness.

November 1st. When Phil and I were in the hall together this morning, busy with our needle-work, she said, "Doss, you are a happy girl."

"Indeed I am," I replied ; "Hugh is the dearest, and best, and noblest of husbands. Who ever thought I should be so blessed? Do you not remember, Phil, the time when papa first gave me my gilded, clasped, manuscript book, how you met me as I was taking it off in triumph to my room, and joked me about Hugh? O Phil, it seems ages ago! I am a woman now—I was a child then. I remember being much annoyed, and answering you unkindly and snappishly, and I declared papa said I was too young to be spoken to, even in jest, on such matters."

Phil smiled sadly, and said she had forgotten all about it.

I told her indeed I had not, for that since that day there had been thoughts of Hugh perpetually running in and out of my mind, with all the freedom of dearly-loved friends; and "Phil," I cried, roused into enthusiasm by thus thinking of my husband, "I feel that I shall now grow into a useful and good woman, into a wife meet for one so worthy as Hugh."

My feelings had so carried me away, that I had been altogether regardless of poor Phil, who, just as I uttered my words of praise about Hugh, burst into a passionate flood of weeping.

In a moment I was on my knees at her side, soothing her to the utmost of my power. I told her that if Leonard was not able to improve her, she could, I was certain, through loving-kindness, influence and bless him.

I had never spoken thus plainly before, seeing that I was her youngest sister ; and indeed, till I became Hugh's wife, I had never thought as I did now on the sacred tie of marriage ; I had never conceived what duty, what responsibility becomes wound about the life of every woman who can lay claim to the name of wife.

"Doss," Phil said, "it is very easy for you, with a husband who loves the very ground you walk on, to whom the rendering obedience the most implicit is the sweetest homage that heart can pay, it is very easy for you to give excellent counsel ; but my case is harder than you think.

"Here am I, bound for life to a man who is weary of me, who regrets bitterly his marriage, who calls my home love a crime, who is never pleased with me, never satisfied, but finds fault with my manners, my education, and whose voice among the dear home voices is the only one toned with angry rebuke."

I was quite thrown back by what Phil said, and could not help admitting that she had indeed need of patience.

I told Phil, in my rashness, that I would give the world we had not encouraged her mercantile lover.

"Mamma was wiser than we were," Phil said,

"when she told us no good could come of those unequally yoked together; when she said that in rank, association, and education, Leonard and I were widely different from each other. I am afraid we shall never agree; at every turn of the life-road we knock together, and one or other of us is injured."

"I will pray God to comfort you," I said.

On this poor Phil only wept more, and sobbed out, "All that kind of consolation seems so far away. I want something present, something real."

Just at this time, Hugh walked in from the piazza. He had caught Phil's last words, and looking tenderly on her helpless, almost hopeless face, he said quietly, "Our God is a God at hand, and not a God afar off." And then he gave her some most holy and excellent counsel; he laid before her the very thoughts which I had been keeping closely in my heart, but which I had neither the courage nor the skill profitably to reveal.

He said, "I am confident, Phil, that Otway loves you, but you repel him by your discontent and coldness, by your utter want of submission to his will."

Phil interrupted Hugh, and said he was unjust to her; that she did all she could to please her husband.

"Nay, but you are deceiving yourself, my poor child," said Hugh, and he did not mind Phil's pouting lips and crimsoning cheeks; "your manner

is most repellent to your husband ; if we as lookers-on are pained by it, what must *he* feel ! There is no welcome for him when he returns home jaded and weary, not one passing word of affection ; and I often marvel how you can with such cold composure go on your daily way.

"You will not, I know, believe me when I tell you that all love for your husband is not crushed in your heart. And it may be, that if you continue from day to day, hardening yourself against him whom indeed you ought to love fervently, that God, by some severe trial, will rouse into action the affection hidden there."

"Do think of what Hugh says," I put in ; but she only tossed her head, and said bitterly, "I see all of you are against me."

Then Hugh went on again. "I believe," he said, "Otway is a gentleman in heart and feeling ; and remember, Phil," looking very pityingly at her, "this may really be the case, though he cannot trace on his ancestral roll his descent, as you can, from some antique duke, who was, perhaps, after after all, anything but a gentleman in the true sense of the word."

"Indeed, Hugh," said Phil, energetically, "you know I do not care one whit for all that ; if I could only have love and goodness from Leonard I should be quite content," and she said this in a way which made me feel Hugh was in the right when he asserted that there was some latent love in her heart for her husband.

November 20th. Hugh and I have been spending a week of the Session time in Spanish Town. It seems strange to go there as a married woman, as the wife of a man so respected and beloved as Hugh.

There is something most dignified and graceful in his intercourse with others; and then he knows so much, and guides me so pleasantly, that I pass in and out easily through the mazes of our colonial society. People treat me with the consideration and respect that is due only to Hugh, as if his goodness and worth had in a measure become mine.

My husband is very satisfied with me, and says I am always composed and at my ease in society. How can I help it when I am supported by him?

I will tell you a secret, old journal. Hugh always manages things so that I never pay visits without him.

He says I am too thoughtless and inexperienced to conduct myself prudently all alone. I am rather willing to let him believe this, because it is so much pleasanter to be with him than without him. Yet I must say I have a kind of persuasion that I am much wiser than I was a little while ago. Yes, Hugh has done more for me than he thinks, and I could act better alone than he imagines. Can it be that I am growing conceited? I know I like Hugh for my master and teacher, as well as for my husband.

December 1st. Dear Louey has been staying

with us for some days. She has been suffering very much from intermittent fever, and has only just returned from the mountains.

Hugh has made me so uneasy. When I tell you, my faithful diary, what he said, you will not marvel that my tears are falling on your white pages.

He said, that if we did not take care, our precious Louey would slip through our hands; that mamma does not think half seriously enough of Louey's ailments.

And when I consider, I must own, that in my short life I have heard of parents, fond parents too, whose favorite child has withered before them day by day, with every comfort around them, and the home love as dew resting on them, and yet no loving eye discovered the blight in the unfolded leaves, the secret sorrow that was undermining the health.

Not that I think Louey has any great unrevealed trouble; Phil and I must have discovered this, had it been so.

It is true that at times there seems to be a thick folding round her thoughts, but then she was always of a meditative turn of mind. I cannot, however, be at rest about her, after what Hugh has said. I must take my anxiety to God in prayer.

Though the happiness of life is made up of the affections, are they not often the causes of our greatest sorrow?

It seems to me that as the love increases, so does the anxiety.

Hugh was out rather later than I had expected yesterday, and a nameless feeling of uneasiness seemed to overspread everything.

The night stroll in the piazza, so pleasant with him, grew unbearable from fancied sounds of ill omen. The roll of the sea was unusually mournful, and there was something mysterious in the whisper of the bamboos to the river.

But then how rich the compensation for all this fear, when his step was heard in the doorway, when his dear arms were folded round me! so that, as Louey says, our Heavenly Father is not unjust. If the way to heaven's pearly gates be sometimes rough and difficult to traverse, we shall discover, if we look for it, that a brighter stream of light falls on the uneven ground than on any other part.

Louey takes after aunt Ellie more than any of us do. I have always had a sense of inferiority in comparison with this dear sister.

She has some lines of aunt Ellies' composition, which I coaxed her to lend me yesterday, that I might copy them out in my journal.

"When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils; and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick."

"Perhaps, on such a closing day,
When the sweet evening had begun
To wind and wind its radiant way,
All brightly round the setting sun,
That Christ's sweet works of love were done!

"Perhaps the palm-tree boughs in flame,
Lit by an angel, as he passed
In burning gold-light, looked the same
As those look where my lot is cast—
In beauty not to be surpassed !

"I think the scene in softening power
On many a weary heart would fall ;
The hush, the glory of that hour,
Ere night puts on its coronal,
Was loved by Him, the Lord of all.

"Yes, there He stood, and many came
With distraught mind and heart of care ;
Great sufferers—the blind, the lame,
All, all were crowding, thronging there,
With anxious look and fervent prayer !

"And on those ruffled spirits fell
A peace they ne'er had known before ;
The sick man murmured, "It is well
To stand again on health's sweet shore ;"
And evening brightened more and more.

"I cannot deem it fancy, quite ;
But when the palms are touched with gold,
When round the sugar-fields a light
Of softest sapphire is enrolled,
I think of that blest land of old—

"The land that Jesus loved so well ;
And I feel, at daylight's rich decline,
I can my sickening heart cares tell,
The woes that scare this heart of mine,
To this same Jesus, God's Divine. .

"Oh yes ; and He will come and heal ;
Soft breezes, tell it to the sea,
As from your mountain heights ye steal ;
Tell it all, softly, lovingly,
That this same Jesus cares for me !"

Christmas Day, 1793. We are all again at the old home. Leonard and Phil, Hugh and I, just as if we were one large family of brothers and sisters. Mamma seems placid and content, and papa is better than he has been for a long time, dealing with Phil and with me just as if we were little children still.

I do not think that Leonard Otway and Phil are much nearer to each other than they were before marriage. Oh! how can Philippa be so cool to her husband!

I think I had rather die than go on with Hugh after such a fashion.

If Leonard makes the simplest observation to her, she answers him snappishly and impatiently; and though he is unpolished in manner, and ignorant of the many little etiquettes of society, papa says he is by no means an unkindly man. I am miserable in their society; and though to outward seeming we are all going on placidly enough, I was right glad to-day to hear Hugh say that we must return to our people before the commencement of the new year.

Every loving word, every wife-like act of mine, seems a reproach to poor Phil. And yet what can I do? Even at the risk of being offensive to her, I must continue dutiful and gentle in my manner to Hugh.

My father brought her to tears to-day, by asking her what would be her feelings if the Almighty were to take her husband from her. After all, she

is not so hard and cold as I have been thinking her ; and it may be that she has many little causes of vexation with Leonard which I cannot understand.

If I were to behave ill to Hugh, I should deserve to be shot. I question if there was ever another so wise, yet withal of a spirit so humble and child-like as my husband.

But this is the way with great men. It is the empty mind that is inflated with conceit. Look at Sir Isaac Newton, for instance, who had made such wonderful discoveries in the starry world, that men marvelled as they heard. Why, he said he felt like a child standing on the shore of the great ocean of knowledge, having caught up but a few shells, which the time-waves had thrown at his feet.

The arrival of the packet to-day has caused much political conversation among us.

There is dreadful news of poor France. Queen Marie Antoinette has been guillotined. Hugh says that this so-called republican government is despotic to the highest degree, and is as tyrannical as the severest Roman emperor ever was.

Here is a good and gentle woman suddenly murdered, because she was a king's wife. She was brave and calm to the last.

Aunt Ellie observed, that in sorrow for her fate, none consider how merciful God has been in taking her away from the evil to come.

The Duke of Orleans has been guillotined, having been accused of aspiring to the sovereignty.

But aunt Ellie says, if anyone wishes to be chief, it is Robespierre, in whom the government of France is vested.

They say that this terrible man, thinking to make the soldiers braver if he can take from them all apprehension of eternity, has abolished the Christian religion throughout the land, and shut up all the churches, taking their gold and silver and all their revenues for the use of the state.

The whole country is in mourning and sadness, for all property is taken for the support of the enormous army ; and the pleasant towns and villages, round which vineyards gleamed, and where peasants enjoyed themselves in the simple dance, are now filled with forges for the manufacture of arms, and foundries for the casting of cannon.

How glad I am that we are over the water, and far away from all this tumult ; that we live in a country where, though religion by no means holds the first place in the minds of its inhabitants, we can commune with our spirits and be still ; we can worship the God of our fathers, none making us afraid.

January 20th, 1794. We are still at the old place. I could not return home with Hugh as he had planned. Sorrow and trouble came forward, and held me fast here ; but it has been trouble so blessed, sorrow so enwrought with mercy, that I am sure we can all say, "It is well."

We observed that Leonard was very heavy about the eyes on Christmas day ; and mamma, who has

by nature a great deal of the doctor as well as nurse about her, grew uneasy, and induced him to take some cooling medicine, for he owned he was strangely weary.

Well, during the night sharp fever came on ; but we were not alarmed, for a sudden attack of this kind is a thing of continual occurrence in the West Indies. The very fact of its being Christmas time, too, gave us courage, for we all knew that yellow fever seldom existed in the Island at this season.

Before daylight the next morning, it was very evident to us all that he did not clearly comprehend what was said to him.

Phil was quite calm, but this did not surprise me much ; it was her way with all that concerned him. She is altogether of a cooler or more undemonstrative disposition than myself.

Our doctor happened to be visiting in another part of the parish, so that it was afternoon before he arrived ; but, as he said, no time had been lost, my mother having tended him most skilfully.

It is a sad thing when the mistress of a country house in Jamaica has no practical knowledge of physic, for life is lost if there be not immediate attendance.

The silken plantain leaves had been laid on Leonard's temples before the doctor arrived ; and I can safely say, I do not think mamma left him ten minutes during the height of his fever.

The doctor looked grave, but said he was in good and careful hands, and we must hope for the best.

Oh me! it was pitiful to hear how in his wanderings he called for his home and his mother. He did not once seem even to think of his wife.

Poor Phil was cut to the heart at this. Strange to say I was glad to see her so grieved. I thought perhaps it was the very chastisement she needed to soften that cold, careless heart. His mind seemed to be running on his pleasant English home. Those were the memories that rioted in his confused brain.

He talked of the woodland, green with hazels, of the summer snow of apple-blossoms, of linden and hawthorn trees, of the veined and glossy ivy, of a sister called Miriam looking on him with kind eyes, but never one word of Phil.

My sisters and I scarcely understood his allusions to English scenery, but mamma, when young, had been familiar with it all; and she said it was very plain to see that his poor weary thoughts were fluttering over his childhood's home.

Sometimes he seemed to fancy that he was running over the silvery daisies in chase of this young sister, and wildly throw out his arms as if to catch her.

When Phil tried to soothe him, he would start and look frightened; and once, when she kissed him, a thing I had never seen her do since her marriage morning, he cried out, "O, my mother! let me kiss my mother!" and he pushed his wife away.

Poor Phil, she could stand it no longer; and

rushing to my chamber, she threw herself on her knees at my bedside, and gave way to a passionate flood of tears.

"It is all right, it is all just," she said, "that thus I should be punished. Father, forgive me, I knew not what I was doing. Only save Thou his life, I beseech Thee ; in wrath remember mercy."

She was utterly heart-broken, and refused to be comforted.

Hugh came in, and said just the very things that ought to have been said ; things which I had neither sense nor composure to think of at that time.

He said, "I hope out of this deep affliction a great blessing will spring, even a union of spirit between you and your husband. You are learning, my poor child," and he was looking at her with unutterable tenderness as he spoke, "you are learning, by the dread of your husband's loss, how much that husband really is to you. The bondage of prejudice has been wrested from your eyes by this sudden sorrow, and I hope great results from the trial."

Then Hugh knelt down and prayed beside my poor sister.

I think she was too wildly agitated to pray with him, or even exactly to understand the import of his words, but his earnest tones were soothing to her ; at least a hush came over her sobbing, and I thought afterwards, perhaps the blessed Christ had been standing in the midst of us three assembled

there, though we saw Him not, for we all grew more composed, as if He had said, "Peace be unto you."

The next day the doctor told us it was decidedly a case of yellow fever.

Ah me! how sorely Phil wept, though I am sure she was none the less fit to bear this intelligence for the conversation she had had with Hugh.

How earnestly she prayed God to restore Leonard, or even to let him forgive her before he died.

Aunt Ellie felt deeply for her. She told her to remember how soon he would be away from all care, and sorrow, and suffering. But this, in Phil's mood, brought her no comfort. She only said, rocking to and fro in her chair, and looking like one out of her mind, "But for me this world would have been neither careful nor wearisome to him."

Not one of us bid her blame herself less. We all seemed tongue-tied on this point; and so the poor thing prayed she might die, that she might die then and there by her husband's side.

How the sweet character of mother shone out then. It moved me to tears to see the way in which mamma laid Phil's head on her bosom, stroking her fair pale cheek, kissing her, and using the soft sweet speech we use to infants. You see in her deep concern for Phil, she had spanned the chasm of years dividing her child from babyhood, and she shed on Phil that caressing love which is usually given only to very little children. I believe it was not without its influence.

A sad, sad night that was for us all. Even

Hugh forgot his usual control of feeling and gave way to tears. He said to me softly, "Perhaps God is now looking down on us all; perhaps He has sent down His angel to say to Phil, 'I know thy sorrow.'"

Scarcely had he breathed these words when a faint smile beamed on Phil's woe-begone countenance, and she said, "This is not coma; I think by his breath he is sleeping." And we soon saw she was right. There he lay till morning, slumbering gently as an infant. Then we could see the large drops of moisture standing like pearls on his forehead, and we all knew this was a sign that fever had utterly left him.

Phil could not refrain from falling on her knees before us all and expressing aloud her gratitude to God for His great goodness.

The doctor confirmed our hopes. Quiet nursing and nourishment were all he now needed, not excepting, of course, our constant prayers for God's blessing on the means used.

How humble Phil was all that day; every look, every movement, manifested the great change of spirit that had been wrought in her.

It was not till quite evening that Leonard opened his eyes, and then we had to give him brandy in arrowroot every five minutes. If he knew us he was so weak that he could not express his knowledge. Mamma said she was only thankful that he could swallow so easily.

Phil never left him, but hung over him with a

trembling timid love, afraid even to move or speak lest she should disturb him. I had seen her look very lovely at the evening party in the glittering ball-room, but certainly she had never been invested with such spiritual beauty as she was now, with her sorrowful love shining out in her eyes, and the grace of much tenderness set on her lips. Her cheeks were very pale and her attitude was one of weariness, but there she stood, with a pearl of great price on her brow—woman's meek, repentant love.

At length, by a slight pressure of the hand, Leonard recognised her; her hot tears fell on his face, and though he did not speak, he regarded her with a look of unutterable tenderness.

After this recognition Hugh coaxed Phil out to stroll with him by the mango trees. Mamma said it was not very prudent, as the dews were falling, but the poor thing was looking so ill from want of air, that we were glad to get her out anyhow.

There was no need of anything like chiding now. Hugh spoke lovingly, though gravely, of the blessing that oftentimes was enfolded in affliction; and Phil said that her husband's look of tenderness had set a crown of blessing on her heavy sorrow. Poor girl, her emotion was great, and she sobbed heavily, for she had lost all her apathy now.

"How could I ever prevail on myself," she said, "so to slight and turn from my husband? May God forgive me." And then her sobs became so convulsive that we had to do all in our power to soothe her.

Hugh seemed to me like a ministering angel of comfort, as leaning over her he said, "Now, no affliction for the present seemeth joyous but grievous, nevertheless it yieldeth afterwards the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby."

But I found the most potent argument towards stilling her grief was impressing on her mind the necessity of perfect composure of appearance before she returned to Leonard. She bathed her eyes in some of the coolest water we could find, for it was taken from one of the porous jars that had been for some time exposed to the land breeze; and though her face continued swollen, there was a grateful look of subdued happiness shining in her eyes before she went back to the sick chamber.

For days Leonard continued in a state of alarming weakness, Phil watching and nursing him with a kind of sedate, quiet affection, that it was touching to witness. It was a time of prayerful anxiety to her, though things went on so favourably. Whenever she spoke of Leonard's recovery, there was a sweet and solemn trustfulness in her manner which showed us all the great lesson she had learned at that bedside.

There is now a most happy understanding between them. Leonard is able to sit up for the greater part of the day, and the doctor says all danger of a relapse is over.

It is quite charming to see how dutifully and

lovingly Phil tends him, now bringing him beef-tea, now chicken-broth, now jelly of the purest kind, old Violet's own making; and she told me only this morning, I could scarcely imagine how deep her joy and thankfulness were, that she had not paid for her misconduct to her husband by his death. "But Louey," she said, turning to her sister, who was sitting wearily in the rocking-chair, "What have I done all this long time with the love with which my heart is now overflowing?"

"Only thank God," Louey said, smiling, "for the sorrow which has proved the parent of such joy."

February 1st. Leonard, and Phil, and dear Louey, are all staying with us.

As I write, Leonard is sitting on a cushion at Phil's feet, gazing into her face with unutterable tenderness; and Phil looks the happiest little woman in the world.

It is most kind of Hugh to let us all invade his library; and so far from being annoyed at our converse, which I am afraid is sometimes frivolous, he says it is the delight of his heart to see us all so happy together.

Phil told me last night, with a humility that sat very becomingly on her, that she believed all her misery had been the result of her own pride and folly. "I looked down upon my husband," she said, "not considering how many feelings and principles he had, far more honourable than my own. That he had made any sacrifice in marrying

so ill-tempered and scornful a girl I could not conceive. I was thinking only of myself, and how I had soiled the old family pedigree by uniting myself to a man of business. I was so full of self, my all-important, highly-injured self, that it never once occurred to me how, through his marriage, my husband's life was clouded by disappointment, and blurred and darkened by apprehension for the future."

"I believe, Doss," Phil continued in a kind of timorous way, "my education has been greatly in fault. We West Indian girls have such a foolish family pride instilled into us, that we begin almost from our cradles to think ourselves better than those who very often are far superior to us. Colonial life is calculated to make one narrow-minded. We give more weight than is due to colonial employments, colonial honours, &c.; and I have been feeling all this time (Phil blushed deeply as she spoke,) that a West Indian planter's daughter was too noble forsooth to be the wife of an English merchant's son. Leonard has received a much more extensive education than I ever have, and even were this not the case, have I not the treasure of a manly, loving heart? But Doss," and Phil spoke more flurriedly, "I have been convinced of this for some time, only my wayward pride would not stoop to confession; and so I went on, miserable in myself and sullen to my husband, till God, by chastisement, humbled me to the earth,

and made me feel it a rich blessing to fall prostrate before my husband in repentance and shame."

Leonard kissed her fondly, and large tears fell from his eyes on her face as he did so. "You must not talk thus," he said; it makes me sad. The present is all the brighter from the shadows of the past; and I believe we shall both use happiness more carefully than if we had never sorrowed."

And then Louey's sweet voice came in pleasantly as a chiming bell, and she said, very gently but very courageously, "Phil must seek heavenly strength from hour to hour to go on in the path of love and duty, to keep in the better and nobler way into which this sorrow has led her." She reminded both Phil and Leonard of those encouraging words once spoken by Divine lips to a man struggling with adversity, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

And we all looked up to Louey; looked up to her in a loving, reverent kind of way, as one who lived nearer to the Saviour than we did; for though we never said this to each other, I am sure we all felt it, and although none of us made any reply to what she said, from our very silence any one might have understood the impression of her words.

How long I have been communing with you, dear old gold-clasped journal! Leonard and Phil are still before me, still looking out on the waving cane fields, on the grateful shadows that the mango

trees throw on the parched and thirsty land. Leonard's head is resting on Phil's knees. I think he is sleeping. She is looking down on him with inexpressible tenderness, and passing her hand lightly through his hair.

Dear Hugh says I am wasting all the morning, and he has gone off to the store-rooms with my keys, to give out the things himself. He says he shall soon have to take to his bachelor dinners again ; roasted yams and boiled beef one day, and boiled yams and roasted beef the next ; and so on for the week.

February 20th. There is a strong and hot sea-breeze this morning ; it is strewing the orange blossoms on the ground.

I have my private sitting room, looking towards the sunsets, from which Hugh is never excluded.

How happy we have both been over the opening of the box from England this morning. Not that Hugh cares much for ladies' finery, but he enjoyed my delight and surprise. He had ordered, unknown to me, a beautiful dress as a present for Phil. The fabric is fine silk, and the colour the pale blue of the sky when the morning star still shines.

March 1st. Well, it is some days since I have written in my diary, and yet how much has happened during that short time.

We have learned a lesson which has made us still and thoughtful, yet loving and grateful to our God.

One more sharp attack of fever, and we all feel

Louey, my sister, will be no longer with us. How blinded I have been concerning her danger! Why could I not see that her strength was failing? Yet she seems going so noiselessly, so gently from life, that, as Hugh says, one feels the Everlasting arms are beneath her.

I should not like, I am afraid, to change places with Louey; but then she is not bound by any strong earthly love to this world as I am. Purer, holier, higher than any human affections could make them are her thoughts and feelings now.

And yet, old journal, what do you think she said to me the other day? that I was very much mistaken if I thought she knew nothing of earthly love. She was much agitated whilst speaking; the pallor of her cheeks spread over her lips, but she smiled faintly as she added, "You little know what the depths of woman's heart can hide." From the motion of the frill that lay on her bosom I could see how that heart of hers was beating. Neither us of spoke for a minute or two, and then with a smile holy and innocent, and all softened by tears, she said, "Doss, promise me that you will love and value your husband; and when I am gone, and you sit side by side with him in that pleasant library, if ever something holier and deeper than usual mixes with your love, when you sigh from the very fulness of happiness, think that Louey is passing by, though you see her not; think that through the golden gates of sunset her spirit has come forth, to look on love so fair to see."

Louey is not given to talking much in this high-flown strain. Mamma says she is the most prosaic of all her children.

The tones of Louey's voice on this occasion thrilled through me. It seemed even while she spoke, as if she had well nigh overstepped the covering atmosphere of our world, and saw something of the spirit-life beyond.

February 25th. The packet has brought interesting news. Mr. John Thelwall, the celebrated lecturer, has been tried on a charge of high-treason, and honourably acquitted; also Mr. Horne Tooke.

Hugh is gone off to papa. He is so full of politics, that he must have some one with whom to discuss them. He likes a little arguing, and says it gives zest to conversation. I always agree with him, not purposely, but it seems to me that the views he takes of things are always correct, so that our talk on politics soon comes to an end. Conviction always goes along with what he says, at least as far as I am concerned.

We have taken the Islands of Tobago, and the settlements of Fort Jeremie and Cape Nichola Mole in St. Domingo. Hugh says this resting-place will be of use to our homeward-bound fleet. We have also taken Pondicherry, and other French fortresses in India.

I can fancy how papa and Hugh will argue. Papa thinks it was not consistent with sound policy for Great Britain to involve herself in the revolutionary war. He says if she had only kept

herself clear, she might almost have monopolized the trade of the world.

Hugh waxes very warm at this, and says if France were left alone, her naval strength would soon equal her military power, and that England is the only nation fit to cope with her. Well, time will show who is right.

Little as I understand politics, I can well comprehend the indignation and resentment felt by the English people at the execution of Louis the Sixteenth. The courts of Europe, Hugh tells me, look upon this act as threatening the subversion of all existing governments.

March 1st. Low fever is stealing on Louey. Her thoughts wander; the gentle Christian mind is wavering and misty. But there is no gloom; a childlike trust in her Saviour; an entire rest in Him pervades all.

We have had her bedstead put in the library she so dearly loves; Hugh has given it up to her for the present. She was too ill to be sent home, and so mamma has come over to her.

All our household servants love Louey as much already as if they were related to her by slavery. Hugh tells me that the negroes are the most affectionate, enduring nurses in the world. That a first-rate, well-paid English nurse would be found very inferior to these simple daughters of Africa in the love, and tenderness, and patience, that are the crowning attributes of a truly good attendant in a sick room.

It was quite touching to hear old Rose speaking to Louey yesterday (Sunday) of the happiness it would be to meet her in the land of light and love. Dear old woman; she did not wish to throw off servitude, she said, but only to be Massa Jesus Christ's slave in heaven, for ever and ever.

Louey taught this aged woman, all unknown to us, everything she knows of the Christian's hope. The old woman prettily observed—for a simple poetry is intermingled with the very thoughts of these people—"Missus, me no see the cross till the tide of sunset's golden river was wide and full; but no matter, it looked all the more beautiful for the stars that one by one came gleaming out above it."

Quietly and trustfully that aged slave holds the pearl of great price to her bosom; and it is only when you question her that you find, though evening has overtaken her, that she is not alone.

March 5th. I cannot now write every day in my journal. When illness is in the house, there is much to do. I am hours in the retirement of Louey's room. I am sure I commune with my heart in my chamber, and am still.

It seems to me that I have lately learned something of God's hidden way of dealing with us. I cannot help feeling how much harder it would be for me to die than Louey. She feels herself a stranger and pilgrim on earth; and from some unrevealed sorrow preying on her spirit, she looks lovingly forward to the rest of heaven.

It seems as though her Saviour, meaning to take her early to Himself, had not placed upon her bosom the gem of holy wedded love.

How the north breeze whispers among the coconut trees. Louey has been sleeping through it all. Just now she awoke and told me that the crisp, rattling sound had penetrated her dreams, and that she fancied the angels were calling her home.

March 15th. Dear Louey has rallied a little, and for the last two or three days the doctor has thought the symptoms favourable. So much better was she yesterday, that Leonard and Phil accepted an invitation to dinner at the rectory. I think Phil never looked sweeter in all her life. She wore the blue silk dress, Hugh's present. It is trimmed with white pointed lace. There is not a single plait in the skirt in front, only a few gathers at the back; a stomacher waist, and sleeves vandyked and reaching to the elbow. Hugh also has given her two white cambric mantillas with upright collars, very plain, with the narrowest possible work, and drawn in at the waist behind.

Over and above the things I usually have, he has given me a dove-coloured silk cloak, and a bonny beaver hat, with a feather in it; also a dozen pairs of white silk stockings, with the stocks beautifully enwrought. Oh me! I cannot take pleasure in all this finery now.

I seem to have grown ten years older since Louey has been fading away before us. Far more than all the dresses I prize my mother's likeness,

which my dear husband has given me, beautifully set in pearls, as a brooch ; and I have shed tears this morning over another present of Hugh's, a small gold locket, with a real diamond on the back, in which Louey's hair and Phil's are lovingly entwined.

March 21st. What a solemn converse I had last evening, in the piazza, with Hugh. Stars, pale shining stars, stood clearly out on the fading daylight ; and I am sure that the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters. The gently-heaving Carribean Sea was of that peculiar and lovely purple which enfolds the mountains after an unusually gorgeous sunset.

The moon rose beautifully above a cluster of dark sand box-trees, shining courageously on the dying day ; and then night came on, rich, solemn, holy. While there was any crimson in the west, the bats gambolled before it, and then they grew weary and were still.

Hugh tells me we live much more out-of-doors here than is the custom in England ; that few young ladies know the time of the rising and setting of the stars as we do ; indeed they know nothing whatever of that beautiful constellation, the Southern Cross, which just at this season rises up every night from old ocean, and does not bend till after midnight.

I do not believe I shall ever forget our last night's conversation. I can only say my husband

is dearer to me than ever; that his love is a thing to be seriously, gravely valued.

Well, dear old journal, faithful as you are, I cannot tell you all my secrets, I cannot tell you why our communings last evening will not lightly be forgotten. All our talk was of the conversation we had had that very afternoon in Louey's chamber, at least we dwelt on what she had said to us.

She called us close to her, and putting my hand in my husband's, she enfolded them within her own, and thus clasping them, with light from heaven shining out in her eyes, and the love and hope and purity of that better land sanctifying and ennobling every word she spoke, she told us both the simple secret of her life.

Hugh was very much affected, and sobbed and cried like a woman. As for me, I could only feel my unworthiness in having won such a love as Hugh's. His heart, so entirely mine, seems to me a hallowed and holy thing.

March 25th. Louey says the bitterness of death is past. She and Aunt Ellie, who contrives now frequently to leave grandmamma, have very happy conversations together. "Only think," Louey said to her suddenly, with a bright smile, "to see my Saviour face to face, to wake up in His likeness and be satisfied!" Then softening her voice almost to a whisper, she continued—

"To see our Jesus face to face,
Low at His feet to take my place,
The heritage of love and grace!

“To sleep in happy dreams beside,
The waters of the heavenly tide,
And waking, to be satisfied.

“All safe those pearly gates within,
Shut out from fear, and doubt, and sin,
I knock, kind Saviour, let me in !”

And such a waiting, happy, expectant look she had on her face.

April 28th. It is nearly a month since I have written in my diary ; nearly a month since God took dear Louey back to Himself. I love to think of her now as enriched by the perfection of heaven, with the recollection of earthly love, all sanctified, still hanging around her, and the pearl of contentment gleaming on her brow. I love to think of her, with all fading and change swept from her beauty, all unrest from her spirit ; in the new white robe singing the hymn of praise gently and lovingly before her Father God.

On the whole, as Hugh says, hers was a peaceful life, and though she had the temptation that tries, the sorrow that purifies, all gently and kindly worked together for her good, worked together to still the billows and make smooth the passage over the river of death !

My father and mother are staying with us, and Phil and her husband are expected next week.

My dear parents ! they will feel their loss more than they do now, when they return to the old hall. Alas, alas ! there is neither childhood nor

youth there now to cheer them. I shall not be surprised, from some hints mamma dropped the other day, if they offer Leonard and Phil a home. Hugh says it would be a charming arrangement, and it is really surprising to see how mamma and Leonard begin to understand each other.

This bereavement has been of use to us all. In some mysterious way it has drawn us all nearer in love together.

My father listens to Aunt Ellie in wrapt attention when the conversation turns on the things we have not seen, those things to which Louey has been so lately introduced. In fact, we all stood on the very banks of the death-stream when Louey went over. Aunt Ellie says we could hear the angels' song of welcome; and truly the mist round the distant shores of eternity seemed to rise up as our sister neared the heavenly coast.

* * * * *

(In this place the old manuscript becomes illegible from mildew, and some hundred pages are destroyed by the incursion of wood-ants, which feed greedily on damp paper. Many sheets have the appearance of perforated card-board, so regularly have these little insects managed the boring process. The paper breaks to pieces unless most delicately handled. However, there are broken passages giving some interest to the story, which the editor thinks it as well to insert; for instance,

Mrs. Granville speaks of the christening of her little son, there is a note in the journal.)

* * * * *

March 2nd, 1795. Our little one behaved bravely at the christening, which was performed in the large hall, by the Rev. Josiah Browne. They talk a great deal of his good scholarship, but Aunt Ellie says, what is all his learning without a devout spirit. A racing, betting, boar-hunting parson. Alas, alas! too many of our rectors are of this sort. I doubt his being intellectual; his favourite pursuits are not in accordance with a man of mind.

Though I can write thus of our rector in my journal, I dare not speak so freely concerning him to Hugh. He says it is not seemly for young women, albeit they are married, to criticise their elders; but I know quite well that he and Aunt Ellie think the church is in a sad state in this poor little island of ours.

We had all the grandees of Spanish Town at the christening feast. The Honorable Sackville Cushton and Sir Ralph Barton were the godfathers.

This would have grieved me very much, for they are neither of them God-fearing men, had not aunt Ellie been godmother; and I know, even during the ceremony, how earnest were her prayers for our child.

Although youth and beauty have long since

passed away from aunt Ellie, there was such a holy and happy expression resting on her face as she looked through tears at our darling, that my husband said afterwards, when speaking of it, "The redeemed in heaven might shed such tears, and yet sorrow no more at all."

I must say I think our merry-making went a great deal too far. Sir Ralph said the haunch of goat-mutton was equal to the finest English venison, and the quantity of substance he consumed was marvellous. He is a noted gourmand, and is one of those celebrated for fasting strictly for twelve hours, in order, late at night, to be able to accomplish a large portion of dinner.

In this part of the world we do not have a light christening breakfast, as they tell me the fashion is in England, but a substantial repast.

How Sir Ralph rolled the calapaver into his mouth, and he praised in no measured terms the manufacture of the turtle soup. Well, he was happy in his way, but I do not think there was in his heart any gratitude to God for the profusion that surrounded him.

When the rum punch had been round pretty freely, some of the gentlemen began to swear, and Hugh signed to me to leave the table, which I did with my mother and sister.

My dear husband has been telling me this morning, that he thought our noisy revelry last night was very *mal-a-propos*, and strangely out of place

in connexion with the solemn ceremony of devoting our first-born to the Lord.

He says if God blesses him with another child, he will have no party whatever.

Aunt Ellie spent the evening in her bed-room, and would not join us at our christening feast.

* * * * *

Then another page of the old Diary is illegible.

* * * * *

April 27th. How happy Leonard and Phil are together. They live with my father and mother at the old Hall.

Phil told me a secret this morning. She said aunt Ellie had made her and Leonard both promise that they would pray together every morning before leaving their bed-room, if only for five minutes.

Leonard was shy and uncomfortable at first, but it soon grew to be a pleasure to them both ; and in some wonderful way which Phil could not explain to me, this little daily prayer bound them together with a zone of love, under the influence of which no coldness or discord could long exist.

"Ah ! Doss," Phil said to me with her sweetest smile, "there is much peace and joy left to us in the midst of this careful, anxious world ; there are plenty of green pastures, as well as dusty high-roads, if we would only let the Good Shepherd lead us, and

give ourselves up confidingly as little children to His guidance."

Leonard entered the room unexpectedly, and heard the conclusion of this speech. "I cannot make it out, Doss," he said; "Phil does not laugh quite as much as was her wont, but there is more loveliness in her smile than formerly."

I could have replied, though I did not, "Do you not understand, my brother, that it is the beauty of holiness?"

FINIS.

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has increased from 600 million to 800 million. The number of people who are malnourished has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people who are obese has increased from 100 million to 300 million.

The World Bank has estimated that the cost of malnutrition to the world economy is \$100 billion per year. The cost of obesity to the world economy is \$100 billion per year. The cost of undernutrition to the world economy is \$100 billion per year.

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